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**ROUND THE WORLD IN SIX MONTHS.**



# ROUND THE WORLD

IN SIX MONTHS.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL E. S. BRIDGES

GRENADIER GUARDS.

IN ONE VOLUME.



LONDON:  
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1879.

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203. e. 577.



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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**A**FTER my return from making the Tour of the World, I almost daily received letters from friends and acquaintances, containing enquiries on the subject of my travels, and asking for hints. This gave me the idea that the publication of the Diary I kept during my journey, with a few additional notes, might be useful to others outside my own immediate circle, and with the hope that such may be the case, I offer this volume to the "traveller of the future."

E. S. BRIDGES.

Guards' Club.





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## ROUND THE WORLD IN SIX MONTHS.

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### CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK—NIAGARA FALLS—A  
CURRENT BATH—DINING IN THE TRAIN—COLORADO—A SODA-  
WATER BATH—MEXICAN ASSASSINS—THE PUEBLO INDIANS  
—SNAKE WORSHIP—TICKLING RATTLE-SNAKES—AN INDIAN  
FESTIVAL—MORMON LAND.



ON Friday, the 19th of July, 1878, I left London to make the tour of the world. I had taken my ticket at Cunard's Office in Pall Mall for Yokohama from Liverpool: the price of it was £36. The following day I went on board the *Russia*. We were fortunate in our weather, and at seven a.m. on Sunday morning, we anchored



off Queenstown. A tug-boat came along-side after breakfast, took those passengers who cared to land, ashore, and returned with them at half-past two p.m. Having got the mails on board, we weighed anchor and steamed away at four o'clock. The voyage offered but little to chronicle. Amongst the passengers was the author of "The Great Divide," *en route* for Colorado, accompanied by Dr. K——, the well known joint-author of "The Earl and the Doctor."

We had a head-wind the whole way, and were delayed four and twenty hours in consequence. Although it was the height of summer, the weather was almost cold, and I was glad that I had taken the precaution to keep out a trunk containing thick clothes. At daybreak on the 30th, a pilot came on board. The only news he brought was that the heat on shore was intense, and that numbers of people at New York and St. Louis were dying of sunstroke. It rained all day, and there was a thick fog.

*July 31st.*—Landed on the wharf at Jersey

City at eight a.m., all my baggage was at once passed by a Custom House officer. I engaged a hack, *i.e.*, fly, and went by the ferry across the Hudson River to the Clarendon Hotel, New York. These ferries carry twenty carriages or more, and any number of people each trip.

I provided myself with Appleton's "Railway Guide," which answers to our "Bradshaw." In America it is the custom to give travellers a time-table with their tickets.

At this time of year, New York is quite empty, all the beauty and fashion having fled to Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch, West Point, and other resorts. I found the heat intense, and a perfect plague of flies. After breakfast I went to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office in Broadway; gave up Cunard's through-ticket, and got in exchange a set of coupons to carry me as far as San Francisco, and a pass from thence to Yokohama. The choice was given me of three lines of railway, I took the Erie route, and recommend it to travellers in preference to

the others, by both of which I have travelled upon previous occasions.

I stayed some days in the neighbourhood of New York on a visit to friends. On the 5th of August I took the steam-ferry at the bottom of Twenty-third Street, and crossed to Jersey City. Checked my baggage for Omaha, with the exception of one small portmanteau, which contained everything I was likely to want for the next week, including a revolver. Having a through ticket, I was allowed two hundred and fifty pounds weight of baggage, (one hundred more than ordinary passengers.) I may here mention, that by taking my ticket direct from Liverpool to Yokohama I saved £20. On reaching the train, I immediately engaged a sleeping berth, which, if you want any peace or comfort, is a necessity on this expedition.

We commenced our journey at six p.m. At ten o'clock next morning we crossed the Niagara River, and had a splendid view of the Falls. Of course, anyone who has not previously visited the States, *must* stop to see Niagara, one of

the finest sights in the world. To attempt a description, is only to feel the utter futility of trying to convey in words a spectacle before which every one must stand awed and surprised. This immense volume of water, taking every moment its tremendous leap of a hundred and sixty feet with a roar that may be heard twenty miles off, baffles words.

The principal hotel on the Canadian side is called the Clifton House, and on the American, the International. Both are much frequented by tourists. A "sensation" here is to take a "current bath." You descend into a sort of cage, something like an eel-trap, in a wooden bathing-house, on the bank of the river; the water rushes through the bars with a violence that nearly takes your breath away, and you have to hang on very tight to a rope to prevent yourself being dashed against the bars. Niagara looks its best in the winter, when, for a considerable distance round, the trees are gemmed with crystals of its frozen spray. In the sunshine, the effect

of this is most lovely. There are many kinds of beautiful birds in the neighbourhood, and near the Falls lives a noted bird-stuffer, who makes charming fans and screens of them. Indians come about with bead-work slippers, trays and boxes of birch-bark, &c., for sale.

To return to Niagara. I don't know that anything ever impressed me as being more wonderful than Blondin's feat in crossing the Falls on a rope, unless, indeed, it was the madness of a friend of mine, who went over on his back. The best view is to be had in crossing the river a short distance below the cataract.

On reaching Niagara, the Canadian Custom House officers walked through the cars and inspected the baggage, but without giving any trouble. We reached London, Canada West, at two p.m., and alighted from the train to lunch at the station refreshment rooms. Half-an-hour was allowed us, and a capital *table-d'hôte* lunch provided; charge seventy-five cents (three shillings). In the evening, most of the passengers dined in the dining-car attached to the

train—the dinner was the same price as the lunch. Wine in America, unless you pay an extravagant price for it, is very indifferent. At half-past nine the same night we crossed the magnificent Detroit River in a steam-ferry; the train being taken over all at once, but in two separate halves, one alongside the other.

*August 7th.*—Arrived at Chicago at eight a.m. We were now “transferred” in an omnibus to the depôt of the Chicago and North Western Railway over an infamous road, and were nearly stifled in transit by the dust. Although the city has been rebuilt since the great fire of 1871, no improvement has been made in the roads, which are as bad as they can be. An hour later we were off again on our journey to Omaha. In this train, tables were put up between the seats when required for meals, cards, or any other purpose. Though it may be a convenience for ladies to lunch and dine in the train, I should recommend the active male traveller to descend for that purpose at the stations, as he will obtain much better fare at less expense. The trains always

stop for twenty minutes three times a day, as near nine, one, and six as can conveniently be managed. The tariff varies at different stations; it ranges between fifty and a hundred cents, exclusive of wines and spirits. Americans drink tea, milk, or water, all iced and in large quantities. The heat was intense, averaging 88° in the shade, and the dust stifling. In the train all the men, women and children had provided themselves with telescopic metal cups, which they continued to fill as often as they were empty, running to and fro all day long between their seats and the cistern where iced water was kept. Large supplies of ice were taken in three or four times daily at various stations. Boys walked up and down the cars perpetually, selling oranges, grapes, peaches, apples, pears, books and newspapers.

*Thursday, 8th.*—At half-past nine we reached Council Bluffs, now a large town, formerly a Mormon settlement. Here we left the train and got into what is called a transfer car, and were conveyed across the suspension bridge, (said to be the largest in the world), that spans the Missouri

river. We were now at Omaha. I lunched at the station refreshment rooms. The thermometer marked 93° in the shade. Two negroes stood over me with fans to cool the air and keep the flies off, a very necessary precaution. I heard that numbers of people were dying daily from sunstroke. In the course of the day we passed Fremont, Grand Island, and North Platte, all celebrated for sanguinary encounters a few years back between Western men and Indians.

*Friday, 9th.* — Reached Cheyenne at forty minutes past one p.m. From this a branch line runs southwards to Denver, distant one hundred and seven miles. A train which leaves at one o'clock arrives there at eight p.m. Colorado is the most beautiful and healthy state in the United States. The fame of its springs and baths is now spreading far and wide, and it is a favourite resort of invalids, who flock to it from the Eastern States. Colorado is noted for its mines of gold, silver, iron, coal and copper; its splendid climate, beautiful scenery, great agricultural and stock-raising resources; high mountains, the two



highest of which are Mount Lincoln, 16,090 feet, and Pike's Peak, near Colorado Springs, 14,336 feet. The capital, as everyone probably knows, is Denver, a good head-quarters to start from on shooting expeditions. There are plenty of good hotels. I prefer Chapieau's; it has a good restaurant attached. If time allows, a trip should be taken by the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow Gauge (3 ft.) Railway to Colorado Springs, seventy-six miles from Denver. At Manitou, where the springs are, five miles from the station, there are three large hotels, the best of which is The Manitou House. The water tastes a good deal like German seltzer. I bathed in the springs, and the bubbling, effervescing water has a very refreshing effect on the system. Excursions should be made to The Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Queen's Canōn, The Devil's Punch-bowl, all in the neighbourhood, and to the summit of Pike's Peak, a ten miles ride. Very good horses can be hired here, both for riding and driving.

Going further south you come to Pueblo, and then, crossing the Veta Pass, 9,340 ft. above

the level of the sea and 1,100 ft. higher than any other railway in the States, you reach Fort Garland, the last station on the line at the present time.

When there some years ago, I stayed with Mr. Tobin, noted for having killed two Mexican assassins who were for some time the scourge of the neighbouring country. It seems that when the American war broke out, one of the Generals of the Northern army seized the farms, horses, and all the belongings of two Mexicans, who were then well-to-do and peaceably-disposed farmers, under the pretext that they had Southern proclivities. Robbed of all they possessed and turned adrift, they became maddened with rage and hatred, and, hiding themselves in the mountains, vowed revenge. Every American they could come near they murdered, until the number of their victims assumed alarming proportions. They were in the habit of lying in ambush and shooting stray travellers. A large reward was offered for their heads by the Government. Tobin, a Western man, and a first-rate shot, determined, if possible,

to rid the country of these pests. Having ascertained that they were likely to pass by a certain road on one occasion, he concealed himself behind a rock and waited. Presently they appeared in sight. As they came within range, he fired. One fell. The other knelt down beside him, but the wounded man exclaimed, "I'm a dead man; run for your life," upon which the second assassin got up and hurried off. Tobin had meanwhile reloaded his heavy Kentucky rifle, and brought down the second man at two hundred yards. Subsequently he carried their heads to the officer commanding the fort. He never got the Government reward, but the inhabitants made up a purse for him. He now supplies the United States troops at Fort Garland with meat, and has a nice little adobi house, which he has converted into a miniature fort, as he formerly had occasional and very unwelcome visits from Indians and Mexicans. I was much amused by some tame ducks, which walked about the house, climbed up his children and sat on their shoulders, helping themselves up with their bills.

From Fort Garland, a stage, (coach), goes to Taos, eighty-eight miles, near which is a remarkably-interesting village belonging to the Pueblo Indians. They live on a "Reservation"—that is, a tract of land reserved to them by the Government. There are only two buildings, something like barracks, made of "adobe," (dried mud), and four or five stories high. These are utterly impervious to musketry fire. They are only to be entered by the roof, against which numerous long ladders are placed, and the inhabitants then descend by a sort of bear's pole to the rooms in the various stories below. When I visited one of the old chiefs there, I had to make my entry in this manner. As soon as I arrived, his youngest squaw, a very pretty little creature, habited only in a *chemise*, politely spread me a buffalo robe, swarmed down a pole with great rapidity to the larder, and shortly reappeared with a basket of wild plums and grapes, grown close by.

Numbers of curious flint implements, chiefly arrow-heads and adzes, are to be picked up in the neighbourhood.

I remarked that the men wore their hair long,

and the women short. Though they profess to be Roman Catholics, it is supposed that they are given to snake-worship in private. I went into an egg-shaped room underground, in which I saw a large live rattlesnake in a cage. I also saw several poor eagles in captivity, the only object of which was that when a chief wanted a new feather for his hair it might be obtained without delay. They have a curious method of poisoning arrows here. A bullock's heart is placed on the ground; a rattlesnake is held down with a forked stick near it; a second man tickles its stomach until it becomes infuriated and spits its venom on the heart. After this, arrows are stuck into the heart, and taken out again twenty-four hours later, and dried in the sun.

A great festival takes place here every year about the end of September. I was fortunate enough to come in for one a few years ago. At this festival there is foot and horse-racing, shooting with bows and arrows, dancing, &c. One of the racing games is as follows:—A course of a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards is marked out, and lined by spectators. At each end stand

twelve "braves," gorgeously appavelled in paint, with patches of a sort of cotton-wool gummed on to their ribs, arms, and legs. One starts from either end, and, with great speed, runs the course to the opposite side and back. Immediately he gets to his own circle, the second starts. By this means it will be seen that the contest is very exciting, as the race is not decided until the twenty-four have completed their runs, and the chances of each side are constantly fluctuating with the fresh runners, first one side and then the other getting the start. Each side must, of course, wait to start a fresh "brave" until the one running on their side gets back. The spectators arm themselves with green boughs, with which they encouragingly flick the runners of their own tribe, shouting to them at the same time.

A stage also goes from Fort Garland to Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, distant one hundred and fifty-five miles.

To-day, for the first time, we saw Indians. When I was here ten years ago, Cheyenne was one of the rowdiest places in the West. In those

days every man carried a revolver in his belt; but times are changed, and to-day it is the exception to meet an armed man.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Arrived at Ogden at half-past six p.m., the junction of the Union and Central Pacific Railways. We were now in Mormon territory, and at once remarked a great improvement in the cultivation of the land. There was a general appearance of comfort and prosperity; the farm-houses and dwellings looked substantial; and the horses, mules, and cattle generally, seemed well-fed and cared for. At the station I bought some very fine fruit; also a Mormon bible and other books. Entering into conversation with the vendor, I was not a little surprised to find that he was a countryman of my own, and had spent the greater part of his life selling books and fruit in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. He is quite a curiosity in his way—knew Brigham Young and most of the Mormon Elders intimately, and told me many amusing anecdotes about Salt Lake City and its inhabitants. Several passengers left the train here, and went by the Utah Central Railroad to the latter place, distant

thirty-nine miles. Everyone who has not already been there should take this opportunity of making himself acquainted with the dwelling place of this world-famed sect. Now, I am told, the Walker House is the best hotel.







## CHAPTER II.

SALT LAKE CITY—A NARROW ESCAPE—THE YOSEMITE VALLEY  
—ADVANCED CIVILIZATION—A FEW HINTS—TEN YEARS AGO  
—SAN FRANCISCO—AN AMERICAN BREAKFAST—GAMBLING ON  
A LARGE SCALE—TROTTERS—ON BOARD THE "GAELIC"—LIVE  
AND DEAD CARGO—PROPITIATING NEPTUNE—LOSING A  
DAY.



TAH territory contains about sixty-five thousand square miles. The population is about a hundred and thirty thousand, mostly Mormons, but including some Indians and Chinese. Twenty thousand Mormons live in Salt Lake City. The mineral wealth of the country is very great. Fish culture is carried on, and good trout-fishing may

be had. The streets of the city are very broad. On either side is a row of trees and a stream of water. The Tabernacle is two hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and fifty wide: it will hold eight thousand people. The men sit on one side; the women on the other. There is an immense organ. A Temple is now in course of building. On my visit, I made the acquaintance of the late Brigham Young, and saw some of his wives; but, with one exception, they were remarkably devoid of attractions. Perhaps, good-looking women might not be content with a tithe of a husband. From Camp Douglas, overlooking the city, you get a very good view.

I and the other passengers bound for San Francisco rechecked our baggage, and started off again westwards. Ogden is one thousand and thirty-two miles from Omaha, and eight hundred and eighty-two from San Francisco.

*Sunday, August 11th.*—To-day our route lay for some distance alongside Salt Lake. We crossed Bear River and Blue Creek, and saw a

good many Indians of both sexes, good-looking and well dressed. The Ute Indians have for many years been on friendly terms with the Mormons, from whom they receive blankets and various necessaries. One "Buck" (the term which is applied to a male Indian in the West) carried a breech-loading revolver of the latest pattern. We also saw a few Chinese. The stations are now substantially built of wood, all alike in style and colour. In the dining-saloons we were waited upon sometimes by women, sometimes by white men, and oftener still by Chinese or men of colour. Ten years ago the attendants were all girls, pretty, and well-dressed. They wore short skirts and very neat boots, laced half-way up the leg, white aprons, and their hair dressed in the latest European fashion. They were a great attraction to Western men, who rarely had a chance of seeing a white member of the fair sex. Having for the last twenty-four hours been steadily ascending the Sierra Nevada, we presently reached the summit, and began to descend.

*August 12th.*—The day dawned hot and sultry.

My thoughts were thousands of miles away on a Scotch moor, where, but for this journey, I should have been looking forward with keen anticipation to my day's work, when my career was very near being cut short by an accident, which all but precipitated our train head foremost into the adjoining abyss. A stack of wood by the side of the line had either caught or been set on fire. The sleepers were burned to tinder, causing the rails to sink into the earth, and our train to run off the line. Mercifully, however, it came to a stand-still just in time. We all got out, and, after an hour's delay, were able to resume our journey. Presently, we arrived at Sacramento, now a large and thriving town. On my last visit, travellers were compelled to leave the train here, and go by steamer down the Sacramento River to San Francisco. At one o'clock we reached Lathrop (ninety miles from San Francisco). Here travellers, wishing to visit the Yosemite Valley, change cars, and proceed by a branch line to Merced, a distance of sixty miles. It takes at least seven clear days to see the Valley and big trees thoroughly. On arriving

at Merced, the best plan is to go at once to the El Capitan Hotel, sleep there, and leave early next morning by stage-coach. The pleasantest route is by Mariposa to Clark's Hotel, in the neighbourhood of which there are big trees; then on to the Yosemite Valley, and back to Merced *via* Coulterville. The cost of the trip is £30.

We reached Oakland at half-past five p.m. It is three thousand one hundred and twenty miles from New York, and six thousand one hundred and twenty from Liverpool. The streets are planted on either side with trees, but more thickly than the Continental Boulevards: and there are pretty, villa-like houses standing in gardens abounding with beautiful flowers and rare shrubs.

Oakland (so called on account of the numerous oaks which grow in the neighbourhood) has 40,000 inhabitants, and is to San Francisco what Brooklyn is to New York. All the rich merchants and people who can afford it have mansions and villas here, and go every day to business in San Francisco. Here modern in-

ventions and appliances are thoroughly utilised. In many of the houses there is in one of the rooms a dial connected by wires with a telegraph office. The dial is marked with such words as express the possible wants of the householder, for instance, carriage, doctor, messenger, newspaper, policeman. Should an unprotected female suspect the vicinity of a burglar, she at once turns the hand on the dial to the word policeman, when the telegraph clerk immediately despatches one.

Our train ran through the town and down a very long pier right into the sea. At the end of it is the wharf, where we pulled up and got into an enormous ferry-boat, which took us across the bay to San Francisco, three and a half miles. At this pier, merchandise is landed by steamers from Japan, China, Australia, and other distant places; conveyed direct to New York in cars, and from thence on again to Europe.

Before going on board, I handed all my checks and light baggage to a luggage agent, who gave me a ticket for the hotel-coach, which shortly dropped me at the Occidental Hotel. I

was last here during the fearful earthquake of 1863, when the house rocked to and fro, and we all thought our last hour had come.

A few hints as to expense may be useful. A sleeping-berth from New York to San Francisco costs twenty-two dollars, (a dollar, as every one knows, is four shillings;) three meals a day at one dollar each, twenty-one dollars; car-boys for newspapers, fruit, &c., say seven dollars; in all £10, exclusive of wine. The fare from end to end is one hundred and forty dollars, (£28), but I had my through-ticket. Many men travelling with their families provide themselves with hampers, containing provisions for the journey, by which means a considerable saving of expense is effected. The cars were alive with children, who, it will be easily imagined, did not add either to the comfort or pleasure of the trip.

Two friends travelling together should engage a section, the cost of which is forty-four dollars, and should telegraph on ahead for one every time they have to change carriages. The com-

pletion of the line of railway has brought about great changes in the West. Formerly, every man carried a loaded revolver in his belt, the Indians were on the war-path; rowdies, gamblers, and road-agents, (highwaymen,) were ubiquitous. On this journey I only came across two armed men, and these were in charge of stock. Very few men of the old Western type were to be seen. In the days when railway-travelling in these parts was in its infancy, a sergeant would turn out his guard of six men at every station, and present arms as the train passed. Occasionally you might see an Indian scalp hanging from the belt of one of these men of war. At the stations there were block-houses built underground, with loop-holes just beneath the roof, through which the men could fire if attacked by Indians. Many a red man was picked off in this way. We did not see a single buffalo or antelope during the journey, and only a few jack-rabbits, resembling the blue hares of Scotland; some cotton-tails, (rabbits,) prairie dogs, similar in shape to guinea-pigs, and a few prairie chicken.



San Francisco is full of tram-roads, and as part of the town is built on the side of a hill, some of these run up a very steep incline, and the cars are drawn up by wires connected with an underground steam-engine. There are three new monster hotels—the Palace, the Grand, and the Baldwin—the last named has the reputation of being the best. At nearly all American hotels it is the custom to pay a fixed sum daily, varying from three to five dollars, for board and lodging, but at the Baldwin you can engage a room and take your meals when you please, which is more convenient if you are an honorary member of any of the clubs. I was at once put down for the Union, which is the best, and will compare favourably with any London club. At the corner of Dupont and Bush Street there is a capital restaurant, which rejoices in the name of “The Poodle Dog,” and is strongly to be recommended. The Californian wines are inexpensive and palatable, though very strong. A sort of hock, called Californian white wine, is the best.

The following bill of fare will give the reader

some idea of the profusion of an American breakfast table.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRUIT.

Oolong tea, English breakfast tea, Japan tea, Black tea,  
Green tea, Coffee, Chocolate.

BREAD.

French bread, Corn bread, Boston brown bread, Hot rolls,  
German rolls, English muffins, Egg muffins, Waffles, Graham  
bread: Flannel cakes, Oatmeal mush, Boiled hominy, Milk toast,  
Buttered and Dry toast, Boston cream toast, Buckwheat cakes,  
Fried mush, Wheaten grits.

BROILED.

Smoked salmon, Fresh fish, Veal cutlets plain and breaded,  
Liver, Pig's feet, Bacon, Tripe, Pork chops, Ham, Sirloin, Beef-  
steaks with tomatoes, Mutton chops plain, breaded, and with  
tomatoes.

FRIED.

Fresh fish with pork, Fish cakes, Fresh fish, Salt codfish with  
cream, Bacon, Apples and pork, Ham and eggs, Sausages, Broiled  
salt mackerel, Stewed kidneys, Corned beef hash, Calf's liver.

POTATOES.

Baked fried, Lyonnaise, Stewed.

EGGS.

Omelettes plain or Spanish style, Scrambled eggs, Jelly  
omelette, Boiled eggs, Fried eggs.

OYSTERS.

Fried, Stewed, Stewed clams

COLD.

Roast beef, Corned beef, Boiled ham, Beef tongue, Mutton.

The waiters seem to be endowed with wonderful memories. I have seen one take an order for ten dishes from a lady, then proceed to another guest, then to a third, after which he will depart on his errands and return, having apparently forgotten nothing.

There is abundance of good fruit. The public buildings are very fine, every man is a stock-broker, and the streets present the appearance of a "Bourse." Enormous fortunes are constantly made and lost; the love of speculation amounts to mania, and is shared by the women as well. The Park, in former days little more than a sand-heap, is now tastefully laid out, and much frequented, principally on Saturdays. You may see numbers of ladies driving fast trotters, and though there is a notice that horses are not allowed to be driven more than ten miles an hour, this regulation is by no means observed. Members of the "half-world" were formerly distinguished by a knot of blue ribbon tied to their whips. Quail run about the Park quite tame; they are fed regularly, and no one is allowed to shoot them.

The Cliff House is a favourite resort. It is six miles from San Francisco, and parties drive there daily to breakfast and lunch. The chief amusement when you get there is to sit on the verandah overhanging the sea and watch the seals at play on the adjacent rocks. Some of them are known by name. The largest is called General Grant; another has been christened Ben Butler. If you have a day or two to spare it is as well to visit China Town, where the principal places of interest are the theatre, joss houses, and opium dens. San Francisco, in slang parlance Frisco, enjoys anything but a good reputation, and was once the resort of the scum of the earth. It is kept in good order, however, by an efficient body of police. Woodward's garden and aquarium is worth a visit, and the barracks outside the town, called the Presidio, should be seen. The officers' quarters are excellent; each house is separate and stands in a pretty garden. There are good shops in the city, but everything is outrageously dear. The charge for cutting your hair is two shillings, and they ask fourpence apiece for washing collars and pocket-handkerchiefs.

*August 16th.*—I have taken my berth on board the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic*. I had neither time nor inclination to wait for one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's boats, which start the first of every month. They are much larger, and magnificently fitted up.

*August 17th.*—Having laid in a stock of books on China and Japan for mental consumption on the voyage (which, by the way, turned out to be all but useless), I went on board at half-past eleven a.m. The *Gaelic* is very small. The dining saloon can only hold twenty-eight, all told, but for comfort the party should not exceed twenty. We were full, and a good deal crowded. There were two hundred and fifty live Chinamen on board, returning home with a few hundred dollars each, made in California, and, I believe, some dead ones, as they all like to be buried in their native country. Those who died on board were embalmed by the surgeon, who received a fee of twenty dollars for each operation. The officers are all English, the crew Chinese. They are very quiet and hard-working. We got off

at three o'clock. As we steamed out of the harbour the Chinese passengers threw joss papers overboard, with a view of propitiating Neptune, or whatever name their sea-god goes by. The joss papers are made of thin paper about four inches square, with a gilt symbol in the centre. Many hundreds were scattered to the winds, and this offering was renewed every time the weather threatened to become boisterous.

*Sunday 18th.*—We breakfast at half-past eight, lunch at one, dine at six. Our *chef* is a Chinese; the cooking is admirable. I never in my life lived better on board ship, and I have travelled in a good many. For the excellent arrangements in this respect thanks are due to Captain Kidley and the head-steward. To show how liberally we are treated, I will give a bill of fare of one of our dinners, selected hap-hazard.

PEA SOUP.

FISH.

Codfish choulder.

BOILED.

Corned pork and cabbage, Turkey and Oyster sauce.

**ROASTS.**

Rolled ribs of beef, Leg of mutton and Potatoes.

**ENTRÉES.**

Venison steak and Jelly sauce, Oxtail Haricot, Pork cutlets with Cauliflowers, Lobster vol au vent, Curry and Rice.

**VEGETABLES.**

Mashed and Boiled potatoes, Carrots and Turnips.

**SWEETS.**

Roly-poly jam pudding, Cold custard, Peach pie, Jam tarts, Genevoise pastry, Queen cakes, Bread-and-Butter pudding.

The weather warm at starting became hotter every day, but was never unbearable. Among the passengers were five Italians, bound for Japan, where they intended to study the mysteries of silk-worm breeding. The rest of our party were English or American. The voyage was quite uneventful. Some birds followed us the whole way across, nearly five thousand miles, resting now and then on the waves. A tern and a sand-piper came on board a thousand miles from Japan. We saw numbers of flying-fish. Some of them flew on board and were immediately caught and subsequently cooked, and very good eating they proved.

On what should have been Thursday, the 29th,

we crossed the 180°, and so lost that day, going from Wednesday, the 23th, to Friday, the 30th. I was now half way round the world, and exactly opposite Greenwich.







### CHAPTER III.

JAPAN IN SIGHT—JINEIKISHAS—YOKOHAMA—TOKIO—A JAPANESE FAIR—TEA-HOUSES—JAPANESE GIRLS—FEMALE COURIERS—TEA *ad nauseam*—THE COOLIES—STRAW HORSE-SHOES—PRIMITIVE COOKERY—ENOSHIMA—A JAPANESE DINNER AND BED—SYMBOLS OF THE SEXES—LEGEND OF BENTEN.



SEPTEMBER 6th.—Japan is in sight. We first saw land at nine a.m., and caught a glimpse of the sacred mountain, Fusiyama, towering to the clouds, 14,000 ft. above the sea-level. It is only one month in the year, (August), without snow. Report says it was once a volcano, but there has been no eruption for nearly two hundred years. Everyone who has seen Japanese pictures

will be familiar with Fusi-yama, as it almost invariably appears in the background. As we approach Yokohama, we have a capital view of the country. This city has sprung up with marvellous rapidity. Twenty years ago it was nothing more than a small fishing village, but the Japanese Government, finding what facilities it offered as a port for foreign commerce, made it the important town it is to-day. As we approached, we passed hundreds of boats full of naked men fishing with rod and line, and pulling in fish resembling small mackerel every moment. At four p.m. we anchored in the harbour amongst craft of every kind; English and foreign men-of-war, merchant-men, steamers, &c. Crowds of boats came round hoping to catch passengers, but we landed in the one belonging to the International Hotel. Some people say the Grand is the best, but I believe there is very little to choose between them. I had no trouble at the Custom House. My baggage was taken to the hotel in a hand-cart, and I walked. Hired carriages, drawn by horses, are almost unknown here. The universal method of locomotion is a little, two-wheeled carriage,

called a jinrikisha. It is something like a miniature cabriolet, and is pulled by a man, who goes between the shafts like a pony and runs off at a smart pace. If you are going a long distance you have a second man, who either pushes behind or goes tandem. In the towns they wear garments, but immediately they arrive at the outskirts, they divest themselves of all but a loin-cloth, regardless of the sex of their fare. Many of them are beautifully tattooed—in fact, from their photographs, you might imagine them to be clad in a tight-fitting garment of some wonderful brocade. Blue is the prevailing colour of their adornment, and their persons exhibit every variety of subject : fishes, serpents, birds, human heads, scrolls, arabesques, &c., &c. I had taken the precaution to provide myself at San Francisco with a large bag of Mexican dollars, the money in use here. The International Hotel is kept by an American, and offered me nothing in the shape of a new experience. Our dinner was like the ordinary *table-d'hôte* dinner. The game consisted of pheasants and snipe ; somewhat unusual fare for an Englishman in September.

I went to bed early, but could not sleep. My bed was the hardest it has ever been my lot to meet with, and I was tormented by mosquitoes. It seems that in hot climates hard mattresses are the fashion—I imagine for the sake of coolness. I relinquished my English *chemise de nuit* and took to *pyjamas*—bed-clothes are not used at this time of year.

*Saturday 7th.*—I rose early and tumbled into my tub, but no sooner had I dried myself than I had to begin again, having broken out into a profuse perspiration from the heat. This was my experience all through Japan and China; the fact is, I was a month too early.

Yokohama is a fine town; the streets are broad and in good repair, and it is well lighted. There are some fine public buildings: the railway station, post and telegraph offices. The merchants' private residences on the Bluff are handsome and imposing.

I presented my letters of introduction, and was at once made an honorary member of the Yokohama Club, and offered a bed-room there. Unfortunately I declined, having unpacked all

my things at the hotel, but regretted it afterwards. The *cuisine* is particularly good; there is a *table-d'hôte* lunch, or tiffin, daily at one o'clock. Having presented my letters, I went with a party of friends to Tokio, or Yeddo, as it is often called: an hour's journey by train. The stations remind one a good deal of those at home; the names are written up both in Japanese and English.

On our arrival at Tokio, we each engaged a jinrikisha and pair, and drove first to the principal restaurant. It goes by the two names Uyeno and Seiyokin, but whether these signify the inn, the innkeeper, or both, I did not elicit. We spent the whole afternoon visiting temples, bath-houses, tea-houses, shops, and a large fair which was being held in the streets, and which was not unlike an English entertainment of the same nature. Wax-works formed a prominent part, and seem to have a great attraction for the Japanese. They represent gods and devils, and also dramatic scenes; the figures were very well done, and might compare not unfavourably with Madame Tussaud's; indeed, whereas the

appearance of many of the faces in Baker Street is stolid and vacant, those exhibited here smiled in a most natural and pleasing manner, and had, (if I may so call it), a most animated expression.

Some fine monkeys were exposed for sale in the streets; their coats were very smooth and silky, and they seemed in fine condition.

The tea-house is an institution peculiar to Japan. I will do my best to give the reader an idea of one of these establishments. Alighting from your jinrikisha, you seat yourself on a mat under a verandah. Here, natives remove their shoes, but this is not expected of Europeans, unless they arrive with muddy boots. You can either sit here and have your tea, or go inside. The floors are covered with mats; the walls are simply screens running in grooves, so that you may really make your room as large as you please, or partition it off into a number of small ones. You are waited upon by the most charming little Japanese girls, who run out to meet you as soon as you arrive, with a series of profound bows. They then scuttle off smiling, and re-appear with cups of tea, cakes, biscuits, and tumblers

of cold water. Whilst you partake of this refreshment, they squat about the room, anxious to anticipate your next requirement. They know a few words of English, and I managed to pick up enough Japanese to ask for what I wanted. Their costume is a sort of ample dressing-gown, tied round the waist with a broad sash, ornamented behind with a gigantic bow almost as big as themselves. Their feet are usually bare, and they wear straw sandals, kept on by a thong that passes between the great and second toes. In the street they use wooden sandals very like our grandmothers' pattens. Their hair is drawn up off the forehead, as if over a cushion, and is gummed and waxed into perfect stiffness, and adorned with pins and flowers. You may, in fact, form an excellent idea of what they look like from the hand-screens which are sold by thousands in London. So important, in their eyes, is it to preserve their hair in the shape in which it has been arranged, that they sleep with their heads on a little wooden block, the centre of which is hollowed out and covered with a pad encased in a

roll of soft paper. Sometimes, whilst awaiting your commands, these little waitresses smoke long pipes with tiny bowls, containing a pinch of mild tobacco. Having taken a couple of whiffs, they knock out the ashes and begin again.

When we had finished our tea, paid for it, and given them something for themselves, they made us deep obeisances, and called after us "Sianara," "Sianara." I won't be responsible for the spelling of the word: it means Goodbye. We then visited the Mikado's park and gardens, which are of considerable extent. The soldiers on guard were amusing themselves by shooting at large black birds like ravens, which occasionally perched in the tops of the high trees. These soldiers were armed and clothed much in the same way as their European brethren. There was nothing particularly worth chronicling to be seen in the gardens.

We visited the Temple of Shiba, where many of the Tycoons are buried. It is in the centre of the town, and the grounds must, I think, be several acres in extent. The interiors of the



temples are beautifully carved, and rich with gilding, paint, and lacquer work. The colouring is gorgeous.

It was eleven o'clock by the time we got back to Yokohama.

*Sunday 8th.*—I had been strongly recommended to engage a native servant during my stay in Japan. I did so, but my experience was an unfortunate one, for though Ohashi Ching came to me with the highest testimonials, and knew enough English to assure me how very useful he meant to be to me as both courier and interpreter, I found that he failed entirely in the latter qualification. He packed and cooked well, and was honest, but very lazy, and would do nothing himself if he could get a girl or a coolie to do it for him. Even in my presence, he would squat about smoking his pipe and giving orders with the air of a Grand Turk. I was told that a female courier, or *moesumi*, is far more useful, but as this arrangement is opposed to the conventional English idea, I had, perhaps, better not dilate more fully upon its superior advantages.

After tiffin, I started with a party of friends, each in a jinrikisha drawn by two men, for Enoshima, a pretty little town seventeen miles distant, situated on what at high water is an island, but can usually be reached by a strip of sand stretching out from the mainland. On the way we passed numerous tea-houses. Every now and then our coolies would stop at one, bathe their legs at a small tank, and wash out their mouths. Japanese girls, of the kind I have already described, invariably ran out with tiny cups of tea, which we were obliged to drink in order not to hurt their feelings. As I am a total abstainer from tea, I found this rather a trial at first. They also brought us native fruit, but perhaps one's taste requires educating to appreciate it, for I found it anything but palatable.

I am immensely pleased with the coolies; the hardiest, pluckiest little fellows imaginable. They are on their feet all day, perfectly good-tempered, dragging their jinrikishas over, often, very bad roads, or carrying one up a precipitous mountain path in a *kago*, pronounced konga, a

sort of basket hung from a pole and carried between two of them, the pole resting on their shoulders.

From constantly carrying great weights, their shoulders occasionally get sore, so it is as well to examine before engaging them. You will see marks of burns all over their bodies and legs. These are self-inflicted under the impression that it makes them strong. Experience soon taught me that the small men were stronger and more capable of endurance than the bigger ones.

Distances are measured by a *ri*, pronounced *li*, as the Japanese are afflicted in the same way as some of our own countrymen, and cannot pronounce their *r*'s; only that they exchange it for an *l* instead of a *w*. A *ri* is equal to two and a-half English miles. The great road, answering to our turn-pike road, is called the Tokaido, and one can travel upon it in a carriage from Yokohama to Katase. It is planted on either side with beautiful trees of the fir species. The Japanese are capital farmers, and their land is in a very high state of cultivation. The horses are shod almost universally with straw. The shoe is not

like our horse-shoe, but covers the whole of the foot, and is fastened on with a thong. The roads are strewn with cast-off ones, as well as with the sandals, also straw, of the coolies. Every now and then, in the course of a journey, the latter will purchase a new pair at one of the tea-houses. They cost, I believe, about a half-penny.

We passed through several villages. As the ground-floor rooms are always open to the street, and privacy is a habit which seems to have no particular charm for the Japanese, we got a very good insight into their domestic life; their ablutions, hair-dressing, and cooking arrangements. A great deal of time is devoted to shaving, about which they are very particular. You will see men in the streets performing this office for each other; the impromptu barber squatting in front of his friend. You may also see mothers with razors similarly engaged on the heads of their male children.

Girls at the tea-houses were employed as we passed in cooking fish. They sat on the floor in front of little boxes of charcoal, over which they broiled six small fish, like smelts, at a time,

stuck through with skewers. With one hand they fanned the embers, and with the other held and turned the fish. They called to us to come in and eat, and occasionally responding to their invitation, we entered and partook of their fare in the primitive manner which was in vogue before the introduction of knives and forks. The little fish proved excellent eating. Paper entirely supplies the place of table-napkins and pocket-handkerchiefs in Japan. Many of the tea-houses have little gardens with fountains and streams of water, in which are gold and silver fish. These invariably have a little bridge over them, and miniature hillocks at the back. Rooms on the ground-floor opening on these gardens are to be avoided, as they are infested by mosquitoes. I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the country, with the exception of rooks. During the whole time I was in Japan, I never saw a mare or a cow. On making inquiries, I was told they are kept entirely for breeding purposes. Neither milk, butter, nor cheese form part of the diet of the Japanese, nor did I ever see them eat bread. If you wanted it, you had to carry it with

you from the nearest large town. The natives eat rice, fish, and eggs. The poultry is small, and very handsome.

Leaving our jinrikishas at Katase, we walked over the sands to Enoshima, and ascended a narrow street. On either side are tea-houses and shops full of shells, coral, and seaweed. A curiosity peculiar to Enoshima is a substance like spun glass, which grows out of a sponge. This is an important item of marine ware exposed for sale; it is purely ornamental. It was just seven o'clock when we arrived in the town, so we went to the principal hotel, by name Tachibanaya Buhei. Dinner was soon prepared, and consisted of three excellent kinds of fish, boiled eggs, rice, potatoes, limes, fresh ginger, and native vegetables. We also got some very good light claret at sixty-two and a-half cents (two shillings and sixpence) a bottle. I was much surprised to find that in nearly all the large villages one can obtain French brandy, claret, champagne, bottled Bass, liqueurs of all sorts, *pâté de foie gras*, besides tinned meats and vegetables. Our coolies, ten in number, having eaten

an enormous supper of rice, fish, and eggs, and washed it down with a native spirit called saki, got rather drunk, and began to dance and caper about. One became quarrelsome, and struck another in the eye, and I fear the poor fellow will lose the sight of it. He was sent back to Yokohama in a jinrikisha, and the culprit bolted to escape the law, and was no more seen by us.

About ten o'clock the little maids spread mats and rugs on the floor, and we were soon asleep.

*Monday, 9th.*—The Japanese are a very cleanly people, and every house is well supplied with bath-rooms. I carried my own soap and towels. When we awoke, the rain was pouring in torrents, and we did not attempt to go out until nine a.m., when it cleared up. There are no bells in Japan. When you want a servant, you clap your hands. We started soon after breakfast to visit the temples of Benten, the goddess of the island. On ascending a long flight of steps, we imagined that we had reached our destination; but, though there was a very fine temple here, it was but the commencement of a series. On either side the portal sat a large stone dog; one

with its mouth closed, the other wide open. I was told that these are intended for symbols of the sexes : man's reserve being portrayed by the former, and woman's loquacity by the latter. We then ascended another flight of stairs, and arrived at a second temple; then up more steps to a third, a very long and tiring pull. From this altitude we got a lovely view of the island, with its rich vegetation, rising from the exquisite blue of the sea and across the mainland for many miles. After this, we descended by a narrow path to the reef of rocks below. Here we were offered the novel spectacle of men diving and bringing up lobsters and cray fish in their hands. Urchins clamoured for us to throw coppers, which they went after, and speedily re-appeared with. We visited the cave and long subterranean passage leading to a shrine. Every now and then we came across a spring of pure, icy-cold water.

I may here relate the legend of Benten, and the origin of Enoshima, as given me by my guide. Nearly two thousand years ago, the coast of Sagami was visited by the most fearful storm that had ever been seen—the waves rose and



rose until they seemed to touch the sky. Then, suddenly, a burst of exquisite music fell on the ears of the terror-stricken people : the heavens opened, and a lady of divine beauty was seen. The waves subsided like magic, the island of Enoshima rose from the water, and the lady alighted upon it. All the inhabitants fell upon their knees and worshipped her, and she was called Benten. Before the creation of Enoshima, the neighbouring coast had been ravaged by fierce dragons, but, at the entreaty of the people, the goddess caused them to disappear. In most of her statues and pictures, she is represented with a dragon by her side.





## CHAPTER IV.

DAI-BUTZ—SHINTÔ TEMPLES—JAPANESE SWORDS—A PECULIAR  
FORM OF WORSHIP—CURIOS—CREMATION—A REVOLTING  
SPECTACLE—JAPANESE GRAVEYARDS—A TRIP IN THE  
COUNTRY—TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—STUDIES  
FROM THE NUDE—FEMALE SHAMPOOERS—A RESORT FOR  
INVALIDS—FLOODS.



WHEN we had seen everything at Enoshima, our coolies shouldered our baggage, and we started for Katase. Our host went down on his knees, put his forehead to the ground by way of a parting salute, and the little attendants stood at the door, salaaming and calling out "Sianara!" At Katase I visited the great Buddhist temple; then, mounting into my jinri-

kisha (which, being interpreted, means man-power-carriage), I started at a great pace to see the colossal statue of Buddha, called Dai-butz. This is indeed a marvel, from its stupendous size and the perfect repose expressed in its countenance. The figure sits cross-legged, the hands resting in the lap, the backs of the fingers, from the second joint, pressed against each other, and the thumb nails meeting evenly, the palms of the hands inwards. Half-a-dozen men might stand in a row along the two thumbs. This image was cast by Ohno Goroyemon, a distinguished bronze caster, at the desire of Yoritomo, in 1252. It is 44 ft. in height, 87 ft. in circumference; the face is  $8\frac{1}{2}$  ft. long, the thumbs are  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. round, while the knee is 34 ft. in diameter. A temple, of which the foundation stones still remain, formerly enshrined Dai-butz. Tradition asserts that the temple was destroyed by a tidal wave. Strewn near the figure are huge pieces of copper, shaped like the lotus leaf. The Buddhists believe that, in Paradise, the souls of the blessed rest for ever upon a lotus flower in blissful contemplation. On leaving Dai-butz we went to Kama-

kura and visited the celebrated Shintô temple, Hachiman, which is approached by a wide avenue of trees. As usual, you have to mount a long flight of steps before you reach the entrance.

The Shintô religion is the oldest ; it is the worship of the goddess Ten-sio-dai-zin, who is the patron deity of Japan. The chief characteristic of a Shintô temple is a looking-glass, supposed to denote the purity of the soul, or to typify the power of the deity to look into the human heart as into a mirror. The worshipper prays opposite this, then rings a great bell adjacent, and finally, as an offering, throws money on one of the numerous little tables standing about. Slips of white paper with figures, called gohei, are also seen in Shintô temples. In front of the temple of Hachiman, I am told, sacred dances, characteristic of Shintô, are performed on certain feast days. Here is also the deified Emperor Nintoku, who once remitted his people's taxes for three years, during which time he suffered abject poverty for their sakes. The temple is enclosed by a courtyard built in compartments, and here relics are

kept. There are swords of great antiquity, the scabbards beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, and pearl. There is one very long one, with a phoenix and flowers on the scabbard. This belonged to a great hero, called Odamara Hôjô. The Japanese are most expert armourers, and perfectly understand the art of tempering steel. Though trade is looked down upon as a rule, a sword-maker is thought a great deal of, and, if he excels in his art, is occasionally, I am told, ennobled. The workmanship displayed in the handles is sometimes exquisite. There are some bows and arrows also highly decorated, a helmet, and other relics. Near stands a large square stone, to which Japanese women make pilgrimages when they desire, but are not blessed with, a family.

We had tiffin at an excellent tea-house, Kadaya Shazaemon by name, and then visited more temples. At the entrance to many of the Buddhist temples are two huge red figures, one on either side. They are supposed to exercise a benevolent influence upon mankind. The uninitiated might at first sight suppose that the

worshippers were heaping indignities upon the Niô, (the name by which these deities go). They chew up bits of paper and fling them at the figures. If these stick, it is a good omen—the prayers will be answered. It was nine p.m. before we returned to Yokohama. To our disgust, we could get nothing to eat at the hotel but some untempting scraps of cold meat. This is the great drawback to the American system of only providing meals at stated times. One must either eat then or go without.

*Tuesday, September 10th.*—Torrents of rain all day, and fearfully hot. This is the dampest place I have ever been in. My knives, keys, &c., are covered with rust, and all my boots and black clothes with mildew. I devoted the day to shopping. It is much better to go to the shops than to buy of the men who come round to the hotels. The goods of the latter are inferior, and they ask more for them. Japanese curios are much more expensive than formerly. As they are mostly made at Kiyoto, it is better to buy them there. Plain tortoise-shell ware should be

bought at Nagasaki. As a rule, shopkeepers take two-thirds of the price they ask. Europeans should pay in Japanese paper-money, as it is of less value than Mexican dollars, and it is well to examine your change when it is given in silver dollars, as some are of inferior value, and it is difficult to get rid of them again in Japan. You may, however, dispose of them at Hong Kong. I ought to have bought some Whangu canes, which are knotted and very pliable, and cheap here, but I only heard of them too late. I went first to Shobee, the great silk merchant's. It is very much like an English shop, with counters and attendants standing behind them. I saw a quantity of silks, but am not a very good judge of this article, and contented myself with the purchase of some pocket-handkerchiefs. Then I visited various curio-shops, where I invested in swords, lacquer-ware, china, tortoise-shell buttons inlaid or embossed with gold and silver, netsukis, &c. The small netsukis are worn as charms, and are hung by silken cords to pipes by way of ornament. In many of the shops I was offered the inevitable tea. This is not so great an

infliction as it may seem, as the cups are not like our English ones, but only about the size of a doll's cup.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—No improvement in the weather. Happening to hear that some bodies were to be cremated at five o'clock in the afternoon, and having some curiosity as to the way in which the ceremony is performed, I went off to the cemetery with a friend. The Japanese dispose of their dead both by cremation and burial. At present, the latter method is the more in usage.

As soon as a person dies, before the body has time to stiffen, it is doubled up into a squatting position, and placed in a square box. When we arrived, we found a large gathering of the relatives and friends of the deceased assembled round a sort of tea-house in the middle of the cemetery drinking tea. Some of that beverage was at once handed to us. Presently two coolies came in sight with a pole over their shoulders from which was suspended a plain deal box, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet square; they were followed by two more men with a smaller box. The boxes were car-



ried into a place resembling nothing so much as a slaughter-house. It had four doors, and the roof was raised a couple of feet or so above the walls. On the ground were four sets of stones, so that four bodies could be cremated at once. Each coffin rests upon three stones. In the hollow, straw and wood were placed. We had to wait an hour until the men who performed the ceremony arrived: they were at that moment engaged in disposing of other bodies by burial. Strictly speaking, I cannot say the officiators were stark naked, but they had the very least clothing on possible. They at once proceeded to kindle the straw, and as soon as the flames and smoke arose, they hacked the first box to pieces with axes. The effect of these naked figures brandishing aloft their arms in the lurid light was positively demoniacal. The horror of the scene was complete, when, suddenly, the box gave way and the body fell head-foremost into the fire, one arm and leg protruding over the stones, and being pitchforked back again. My friend here began to feel very uncomfortable, and thought we had seen enough. The axe-men

then set to work on the second box, but one of the relatives objected to the hacking performance, so the box was left to consume gradually. Fuel was every moment added to the fires, and the bodies began to burn. The first, being that of a thin boy, burned very slowly, but the second, a stout man, burned more fiercely; the operation reminded me of the singing of a dead pig, and the smell assisted the idea. I remained an hour; quite long enough to see that this was a very primitive and undesirable method. The bodies, I was informed, would burn all night, and would take twelve hours to consume. The nearest relatives would then gather up the bones; pound them to powder in a mortar, and placing the dust in a jar, would plant it in the cemetery, half in the ground, as one might do a flower-pot. Japanese graveyards are not unlike ours, dotted with tombstones, and here and there planted with flowers. Near many of the stones, two hollow bamboo canes, holding bouquets of flowers, are stuck in the earth.

The charge for cremating in the way described

is only two dollars. When priests are engaged to pray over the bodies until they are consumed, the charge is much higher.

*Thursday, 12th.*—I started at nine a.m. with a friend, in a carriage and pair of horses, to see something of the country, intending to visit Oiso, Odawara, Miyanoshta, Kiga, Hakone, and Atami. The rain had at last ceased: the heat was still very great. The drive was pleasant enough; all along the road were planted trees which shaded us partially from the sun's rays. On either side lay fields of rice, presenting much the appearance of green oats. The Japanese thoroughly understand the art of irrigation; the fields are intersected by ditches full of water.

At Fusiama, sixteen miles from Yokohama, we changed horses. Fusiama means Wisteria Meadow, from that lovely creeper growing here in abundance. We crossed the river, carriage and all, in a ferry-boat. Owing to the late rains, the Bainu was much swollen. On landing, we met with a returning party, who gave us the cheering information that the bridge over

the next river was washed away. We, however, proceeded on our way, but found that the story was only too true; no bridge was visible. We decided to send back the carriage, and hired jinrikishas at the neighbouring village. This second river was very narrow, but deep: planks were thrown across, and we got safely over. I heard an amusing account of what happened the previous day to a party on their way back to Yokohama. They arrived at the brink of the river on the opposite side from Fusi-yama in their carriage. It was most important that they should get back to Yokohama the same night, but the bridge was gone, and how was it to be done? They applied to the head man of the village; mentioned the urgency of their case, and he at once set a hundred coolies to work, who took the carriage to pieces, carried it over the river on planks, and put it together again on the other side. The horses they swam across.

At two p.m. he arrived at Oiso, ten miles from Fusi-yama, lunched at a tea-house, and then proceeded on our way to Odawara, to which, had it not been for the floods, we could have driven.

Considerable historic importance is attached to this town, but I don't suppose the general reader would be entertained by particulars of the rise and fall of the various clans who have in turn reigned there. It has now a telegraph office and several good hotels. We got fresh jinrikishas, and went on to Tonasawa, a village lying at the foot of a mountain. Here we dismissed the jinrikishas, and hired a coolie to carry our baggage which weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. He divided this as nearly as possible into two equal portions; attached them to each end of a bamboo, and, slinging it over his shoulder, started off at a great pace. We walked for a considerable distance up the side of the mountain; below us rushed a delightful stream, brawling over the rocks. We were told that big trout were to be caught here, but at present the water was too thick. It was nine p.m. before we reached Miyanoshta utterly beat. We stopped at Fugeas Hotel, conducted on the American principle. I wanted to put up at the tea-house, a very noted one, but my friend, preferring, in his fatigued state, the idea of a bed to that of a mat

on the floor, was not to be induced to share my views.

*Friday, 13th.*—Up early, and started immediately after breakfast. On our way we visited a pretty village called Kiga, situated on the banks of a charming trout-stream. It is noted for its bath-houses which adjoin the principal tea-house. We passed many sulphur springs, from which rivulets of boiling water ran down the mountain sides.

At Obano, another village, we stopped for tiffin. Here, in the centre of the street, quite exposed to public view, some twenty or thirty men and women, for the most part old and hideously ugly, and without a stitch of clothes on them, were bathing and squatting about. A more repulsive sight it was never my lot to witness. They were laughing and chatting in the best of spirits, and apparently as unconscious of their want of garments as our first parents in Paradise before the fall. A mile from this, we came to a lovely lake, called Midsumie, some four miles long. It was surrounded by hills wooded down to the water's edge, and put me rather in mind of Canadian

scenery. After crossing it in a boat something like a punt, but sharp at the bow, and propelled in a somewhat curious manner, (the men standing up to row), we landed, and walked up many flights of steps past some temples, and down again the other side to a village called Ashinoya, where more *al fresco* bathing was going on. As, although we were in Japan, we were not inclined to do as the Japanese did in this matter, we each had a private bath. These baths were simply holes cut in the earth, and boarded round. The water was so hot, that I was obliged to call for several buckets of cold. These were brought by young women, who calmly walked in, smiled at me, and poured in the contents, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of embarrassment. After our bath, we returned to the lake, hired another boat, rowed for a mile, reached Hakone at dusk, and put up at a tea-house called Hafya. Hakone is a very favourite resort of travellers; the village consists of a street of hotels. The lake is 3,000 feet above the sea-level, and is supposed to lie in the crater of an extinct volcano. The tea-house is charmingly situated on the lake;

it has verandahs all round, and the water flows up to the door ; the view is delightful. Here I met an Englishman travelling with his *moesumi*. He, like most of my countrymen, adopted the Japanese style of dress in the house—a loose dressing-gown, tied round the waist, and sandals ; it is eminently adapted to the country, and I rather regretted that I had not invested in one.

On the evening of my arrival at Hakone, feeling severe rheumatic pains in my shoulders, from having been drenched to the skin all day by torrents of rain, and hearing that Japanese women were great adepts in the art of shampooing, I told my servant to order one to attend. To my horror, he shortly ushered in a hideous old woman with one eye. I was sure, the moment I looked at her, that I was not likely to derive any benefit from treatment at her hands, so, presenting her with a small donation, I hurriedly wished her good evening, blew up my servant, and sent him off in search of something more suitable. This time his quest was more successful, and he returned with a girl, whose *spécialité*, he informed



me, was shampooing with her feet. This novelty, however, did not recommend itself to my imagination, as I bade him inform her ; so, having prostrated myself on a mat, face downwards, as directed, she commenced to pommel me vigorously with her small fists with such good will that, after a very short time, I had to cry for mercy. The treatment, however, proved most efficacious, for, though the next morning my shoulders still ached from her blows, I had no return of rheumatism during the rest of my travels.

*Saturday, 14th.*—Left Hakone *en route* for Atami. I recommend travellers, having seen Hakone, to retrace their steps from this point. We, unfortunately, decided to go on, and incurred considerable fatigue in consequence, without having anything to reward us for it. Atami is a small town on the sea-shore, noted for its hot springs. Our road lay over a steep mountain path. We constantly walked over rivulets of scalding water, and the ground was covered with a sulphureous deposit. At half-past twelve, we reached the summit, and came to a halt. Then we descended

on the other side, and reached Atami at three o'clock, very tired. The hotels and tea-houses were crowded with invalids come for the benefit of their health, and it was some time before we succeeded in getting rooms. These were on the ground-floor, overlooking a pretty little garden and stream, but the agreeableness of the situation by no means repaid us for being eaten up alive by mosquitoes. Orange and camphor trees flourish here in great abundance. The natives, who, like all Japanese, are skilful carpenters, make capital boxes of the camphor wood. The fish here is excellent. Most of the time is spent in bathing, and the patients walk from the hotels to the baths without taking the trouble to add to nature so much as a necklace or a feather in their hair.

*Sunday, September 15th.*—A tremendous gale raged all day—the waves rose mountains high, and the surf covered the beach. Torrents of rain fell. It was impossible to get out, and we cursed Fate and the weather with British energy.

*Monday, 16th.*—We woke to find the water-

spout still coming down, but were so thoroughly sick of our quarters that we made up our minds that no power should keep us longer in Atami. We started at eight a.m., with a kango and two men to carry us alternately, and a third coolie for our luggage. We meant to have gone to Odawara, distant seven ri; but, shortly after leaving Atami, we met a man, who gave us the agreeable information that we should only be able to get five miles, as one of the bridges had been washed away, and we could not cross until some means of getting us over could be procured. Our path was like a running stream. In places it was washed away, and we had to cut our way through the bush. Presently we reached the brink of the river. Here we found nothing but a deserted hut. The tea-house where we had hoped to find shelter was the other side of the river, and there was no means of crossing. To our infinite disgust, we had to retrace our steps to Atami, intending, after lunch, to walk back to Hakone. *L'homme propose!* No sooner did we reach Atami, than we received intelligence that a land-slip had carried away the mountain path, so that plan had to be

abandoned. We then wanted to go by boat to Odowara or Oiso, but could find no boatmen willing to venture his craft on such a sea. We succeeded, however, in getting better rooms at the chief hotel, where we suffered less from mosquitoes.





## CHAPTER V.

GOING OUT TO SEA—A DIFFICULT LANDING—JAPANESE PACK-  
ING—KOBE—KIYOTO—FAIR AT OSAKA—A CONJUROR—THE  
THEATRE—NAGASAKI—A CURIOUS ENTERTAINMENT—LEAV-  
ING JAPAN—SHANGHAI.



TUESDAY, *September 17th.*—On waking this morning, I was delighted to find that the rain had ceased, and that the sea was less tempestuous. I sent my servant off at once to try and charter a boat. He returned declaring it was impossible to get one; but, as I had discovered that truthfulness was not one of his particular virtues, I went on my errand myself,

desiring him to accompany me. Eventually, I succeeded in engaging a boat with six men to take us to Odowara or Oiso. At eleven a.m. we got into her. She was a large flat-bottomed boat, and did not look to me particularly well adapted for the sea. She was, besides, in a very rickety state. She carried a good-sized sail, and was furnished with five oars. After interminable preparations, putting a small stove—wood, water, &c., on board, and a supply of provisions for the voyage, they were at last ready to start. The whole population turned out to see us off, rather hoping, I believe, for the agreeable excitement of seeing us wrecked. There was a heavy surf, but our crew knew their business, and we got safely off. For two hours we had a fair wind, and were able to sail; but this dropped, and we were then entirely dependent upon the oars. When we arrived opposite Odowara, we found it impossible to land, so pulled off again, and arrived at Oiso at six p.m. Here, too, there was a heavy surf, with tremendous breakers, and it was a considerable time before our men could decide whether they would attempt a landing. At length, however,

they resolved to make the effort, and pulled with all their might for the shore, pausing every now and then to take advantage of the breakers as they rolled in. On nearing the beach, numbers of naked men rushed through the surf, resting on a plank which they held in their left hands. Some were soon on board, and made fast two ropes to our boat; then the men in the water laid hold of these, and hauled us up safely on the beach. Arrived at the tea-house, we found that our carriage had gone to meet us at Odawara, and could not return as all the bridges were washed away. We slept there that night.

*Wednesday, 18th.*—We left Oiso in jinrikishas at seven a.m. The roads were in a dreadful state after the rain. We crossed three rivers in boats so crowded, that we were level with the water's edge, and stood a fair chance of being swamped. Over the next stream a man attempted to carry me on his back, but, owing to my weight, he stuck in the mud, and let me down in the middle. After that, I entrusted my eleven stone to three men, who managed, though even then with con-

siderable difficulty, to get me across. We changed jinrikishas at Fusi-yama, and reached Yokohama at three p.m., having done twenty-six miles in eight hours, which, considering the state of the roads and the time lost in crossing the rivers and lunching, was very good travelling.

I hear that the weather in our absence has been frightfully bad—tremendous floods, and the railway washed away in places. The steamer, by which I was to have left to-day, is, luckily for me, detained, and will not leave until Friday. I spent the afternoon in buying coloured photographs, (very good ones), and more curios. The Japanese are most expert packers, so that the best way is, if your purchases are extensive enough to fill a box, to have them packed here, and sent off to England by sea. I did this, and not one single article was broken or damaged in transit.

Unfortunately, I could not go to Nikko, one of the loveliest parts of the island, nearly a hundred miles north-east of Tokio; but it would have taken me ten days to do it properly, and I had



not the time. For the same reason, I did not ascend Fusi-yama. Before leaving Yokohama, I must once more express a high opinion of the club and its cook, who understands to perfection the roasting of game, which is now very plentiful.

It is necessary to have a passport in order to visit the interior of Japan. I telegraphed for one to the English Consul at Kobe.

*Friday, 20th.*—I took my ticket for Shanghai, price fifty-five dollars (£11), and went on board the paddle-steamer *Horoshuma Maru*. She belongs to a Japanese (the Mitsu Bishi) Company. The officers are English; the crew Japanese.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—Reached Kobe; landed, and went to the Hiogo Hotel, kept by Mrs. Green, an Englishwoman. Found my passport, and a letter from a friend. It may give a hint to future travellers, as it did to me, so I shall transcribe it :—

“I recommend you only to stop a short time at Kobe, just long enough to see the waterfall and the pretty little girls at the tea-houses. At

Osaka there is a *fête* (Matsuri) now going on, so you had better go there immediately. From there to Nara, about six hours, in a jinrikisha. Do not omit to see the dancing at the temple. The girls are daughters of gentlemen and merchants of the town, and you had better give notice of your wish to see the performance immediately on your arrival. I paid five dollars for a first-class performance, with six girls, drums, cymbals, fifes, &c. You had better go, too, to Nakamura's Hotel on the hill, and to the hotel of the same name at Kiyoto, which is six hours from Nara. At Kiyoto you must go down the rapids in a boat, for which you pay from two to four dollars, according to the state of the water. Everybody says this excursion is one of the finest in the country."

I at once engaged a guide at the hotel, by name Maruda, and he turned out extremely well. Then I started for the waterfall, which, however, was a very ordinary one, and on my way back just managed to catch the twenty-five minutes past eight a.m. train to Kiyoto, where I arrived at twenty-five minutes past eleven. Here I engaged jinri-

kishas for myself and guide, and went over the town, which is thoroughly Japanese. By this time I had had enough of temples, about which there is a great sameness, and confined my sight-seeing to the principal streets and shops. In one of the latter I found some beautiful but very gaudy trout and salmon flies. The hooks of the trout-flies were without barbs. Notwithstanding this, the Japanese catch great numbers of fish with them, and, I am told, will beat any Englishman who fishes with his own flies in these streams. I could not spend half the time I should have liked at Kiyoto, as I had to get back to my steamer.

Leaving the train at Osaka, I went to the great fair which was going on there. The streets were lined with stalls, where fruit, sweets, and curios were sold. The sweets are generally about the size and shape of dominoes; they are made of grain, sugared over, and variously coloured, are pleasant to the taste, and crumble in the mouth. There were jugglers, acrobats, theatrical performances, and the usual accompaniments of an English fair, and the streets were so

thronged with sightseers that it was almost impossible to move. Here, as at Yeddo, very fine monkeys, with beautiful glossy coats, were exposed for sale.

I then visited the castle, now partly in ruins. It is built of enormous blocks of granite, so large that it is almost a miracle how they were ever got here. It is stated that each block was presented to the Emperor by a different nobleman. The castle is said to be six hundred years old. On arriving, I sent in my card to the Japanese officer, and he at once gave me permission to go over it. Outside the ramparts, troops were going through a course of musketry instruction, and firing at targets with Snider rifles. I returned to Kobe to dine, and afterwards went to see a very clever conjuror. Most of his tricks are now familiar to English sightseers who have visited the Egyptian Hall. First came the basket trick, which everyone knows ; then he called in a young woman, with whom he entered into a violent altercation, and pursued her from the room with a drawn sword. We heard a shriek, and in a second he returned with her head, which he

flung, bleeding, on the floor. Presently he picked it up and placed it on a table, when it immediately opened its eyes and began to talk, and a moment later walked away, apparently on its original body. Then I visited a theatre, which put me rather in mind of Evans's. First we went into the boxes, but not seeing very well from there, descended into the body of the hall, where everyone sat at little tables and drank tea and saki. I did not understand very much of the performance, but was told that Japanese plays represent loves of the gods or the deeds of favourite heroes. The women's parts are played by boys. I omitted to mention that the time-tables in Japan are photographed on cards rather larger than a playing-card, and beautifully clear. This is a very convenient system.

Went on board my steamer at midnight, and four hours later we weighed anchor, and steamed all the following day through the Inland Sea. The weather was glorious, and the scenery exquisite. About five p.m. we passed Pappenberg, a lovely island, but once the scene of inhuman horrors. St. François Xavier and a

band of devoted missionaries visited Japan some centuries ago, and succeeded in making great numbers of converts to Christianity. This seems to have been tolerated for a time, but there came a great revulsion of feeling, and priests and converts were most cruelly persecuted. The unfortunate victims were driven up to the top of the cliff, and compelled to fling themselves headlong upon the rocks below. I do not know whether the custom is still in force, but I am told that in former years every native of Nagasaki and the adjoining principalities was compelled once a year to trample on the image of the Virgin and Saviour, and that even the sick and infants were made to touch the picture with their feet. Many converts of the Jesuit fathers were crucified.

At six o'clock we came to an anchor in the lovely bay of Nagasaki. I landed, and went to the Belle Vue Hotel, a very comfortable one. The town is close to the water, but the Europeans live in charming villas, situated on the hills above.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—I went to Desima, part of

the town, and formerly the only part of Japan where Europeans were allowed to settle. Here I bought tortoise-shell ware, for which Nagasaki is celebrated. Just at this time there were a good many men-of-war in the harbour, and almost everything had been bought up, so the choice was not as good as usual. In the evening I had a Japanese dinner, consisting of various kinds of fish, eggs and rice, and some of the largest prawns I have ever seen. After dinner I went to a Japanese restaurant with some friends to witness a native dance, one of the sights of Nagasaki. We were ushered into a sort of double room, one raised a few inches higher than the other, and seated ourselves on the floor on mats. Presently four little female musicians appeared, and squatted about on the floor. Their instruments were a kind of guitar and tom-toms. Each also brought her pipe in her little box about a foot square, containing charcoal, tobacco, and ash-pan. The pipes have long thin stems and tiny bowls. The next part of the programme was for me to order supper, consisting of fish, boiled eggs, rice,

sweetmeats, saki and claret. One of the musicians hereupon confectioned a sort of punch out of saki, claret, sliced oranges, and quantities of sugar. Then six dancing girls came in, and the whole party set vigorously to work on the supper. This disposed of, the entertainment commenced. The little musicians struck up what seemed to me a most hideous noise, but I am told that I have no soul for music, so perhaps it was only my own want of appreciation that made this part of the performance disagreeable to me. The dancers stood up facing each other, three a side. They danced in couples, the two *vis-à-vis* together, and presently all joined in. There was a great deal of talking, singing and gesticulating, with both arms and legs. To commence with they wore the usual long robe, and in these they continued their gyrations for about an hour, stopping occasionally for refreshment, which we handed to them. The peculiarity of this dance is that it concludes with a game of forfeits, in which, by degrees, the performers divest themselves of the various articles of their attire. The fun then becomes fast and furious.



Shrieks of laughter follow each fresh forfeit, and I will not shock the reader's feelings by narrating how very little of the fair ones' costume remains at the end of the performance. Suddenly they make a bolt out of the room. We call for the bill, and return to our hotel.

*Thursday, September 26th.*—Went on board, and at noon we steamed out of the harbour. My visit to Japan has now come to an end, which I greatly regret. It is a charming country. The natives are most civil, good-tempered, and obliging. As for the coolies, I can hardly praise them enough. They are most willing and hardworking, always satisfied with what you give them, and never asking for more than their proper fare. Gladly would I have spent another month here, and I recommend everyone who has the time to spare to visit this most interesting country. With regard to one or two Japanese customs, I am delighted to find that the barbarous process of pulling out the eyebrows and blackening the teeth, to which all married women were formerly compelled to submit is now done away with, and

that they rarely disfigure themselves in this manner. You now hear very little of the hara-kiri, or "happy despatch," once so much in vogue. To know how to accomplish this was part of the education of every male Japanese, and boys from their earliest youth were taught how to perform it.

The Japanese are a most civilised and imitative people, and there is no doubt that the free contact with Europeans, which is now, contrary to former custom, encouraged, will have a most beneficial effect upon the prosperity of the country. My expenses from the time I set foot in Japan to the day of leaving, twenty days, amounted to £45. I should advise any traveller with a tolerably long purse to invest in curios and Japanese wares, which are well worth bringing home.

*Saturday, 28th.*—Passed the light-ship at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang at eight a.m. The water is quite thick and yellow here. I am told it is always so, although forty miles from Shanghai. The land on both sides of the river is swampy, and snipe abound. At a quarter past eleven we passed a new and very strong fort on

the left bank, built from an English design and armed with English guns, which some day we shall probably find it convenient to do away with. At half-past twelve we came alongside the wharf at Shanghai.





## CHAPTER VI.

THE EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT—DIMINUTIVE RACERS—SHOOTING  
IN CHINA—A REAL CHINESE DINNER—BIRD'S-NEST STEW—  
THE CHINESE ARSENAL—HONG-KONG—A TYPHOON—PIDGEON  
ENGLISH—CHITS—THE "SPRITE"—UP THE CANTON RIVER—  
SAMPANS.



ON arriving at Shanghai, you only see the European part of it. This is imposing—fine streets, large buildings, a good public garden, where a band plays, and a general air of prosperity. The Central is the best hotel. On board the steamer, I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman residing here, and he most hospitably invited me to stay at his house during my visit. We drove first to the

Club, of which I was made an honorary member. It is a fine building, and all the arrangements are good. After tiffin, my host drove me to the Bubbling Well, the fashionable drive. We passed great numbers, both of English and Chinese, driving. On the outskirts of the town, my attention was attracted by numerous turf-covered mounds, and on inquiring about them was told that they were Chinese graves. One reason why the Chinese object to railways is because they would interfere with these "last resting-places." I saw much cotton growing. The foliage is dark green, and the flower yellow, but the blossom is over now.

*Sunday, 29th.*—Spent a quiet day, reading the English papers at the Club.

*Monday, 30th.*—Up early, and drove to the race-course, just outside the town. Here I saw over a hundred ponies training, nearly all grey. Some were being measured—no easy task for the measurer. It seems that though the ponies will let their Chinese attendants do anything with them, some have a rooted dislike to being touched by Europeans; and as it was on one of the latter

that the office of measuring devolved, he had rather a bad time of it. The races take place twice a year—the first week in April and the first in November; these are periods of tremendous excitement in Shanghai, and for the time everything else gives way before it. Almost everyone seems to own a racing pony. November is the best month for snipe-shooting, but there are plenty to be had now. They appeared on our table at every meal. The pheasant-shooting in this part of China is, I am told, very good indeed. If you go in for shooting, the plan is to engage a house-boat, which is something in the style of a canal boat; in this you live during the expedition. You may get lots of duck from the boat as you go along. Good dogs are very necessary, but extremely difficult to get. If you take them with you from England, they are pretty sure to die, as the climate does not agree with them.

The following is an extract from a friend's letter:—

“I left Shanghai about the 1st of December. We were a party of five guns. It took us some days to get to our ground. We then shot for

seventeen consecutive days, killing 1,500 pheasants, 112 duck and teal, 90 deer, 6 hares, 5 bittern, 1 woodcock, 1 otter, 1 goose. Total, 1,716 head. We got back to Shanghai on New Year's Day. There is not much shooting to be had in Japan, as Europeans are forbidden to shoot more than twenty-five miles from a Treaty port; however, five of us went to a place called Nikko, about one hundred and fifty miles in the interior, and having bribed the head man of the village with a present of champagne, he gave us leave to shoot for ten days, and we got some fair sport—pheasant, duck, and woodcock. I also got three samber; these are deer, much the same weight as the red deer in Scotland, and have pretty good heads.”

In the afternoon we drove to the cricket ground, where some very good play was going on. The match was numerously attended. The ordinary mode of locomotion here is the jinrikisha, as in Japan. The same evening, my host, knowing that I had some curiosity to see a real Chinese dinner, was kind enough to give one for my benefit. He invited nine Chinese gentlemen, who

arrived in native dress, and at eight o'clock we sat down. The table was arranged very much like an English table, only that instead of knives and forks, ivory chopsticks were placed for the guests. We were waited on by six or eight Chinese servants in spotless white garments, with shining black pig-tails. The Chinese think an immense deal of ancestry. My host told me that some of the servants standing behind our chairs could trace their pedigree back a thousand years. My next neighbour, fortunately for me, spoke English perfectly, and was extremely agreeable and intelligent. Everyone smoked between the courses.

This is a copy of the menu, but there were several more dishes than those mentioned :—

MENU.

Pigeons' eggs Soup.

Mushroom stew.

Chicken stew.

Duck and Lily seeds.

Shrimp stew.

Birds-nest stew.

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Shark-fin stew.

Dried mussels.

Whole boiled duck.

Fishmaw stew.

Minced fish in balls.

One has heard from childhood of birds-nest soup, and I had some curiosity to taste it. It seemed to me rather insipid, and not worth the value set upon it by the Chinese. There are both black and white nests, the latter of which are by far the more expensive, but both are very dear. These nests are built by a sort of swallow that inhabits caves in the islands of Sumatra and Java. The best are white and look like isinglass. Whole shops are devoted to the sale of them, and the shopkeeper will show you the different varieties in an inner chamber, if you care to see them. It is supposed that these nests are made of foam thrown up by the surf, and that the birds carry this in their beaks to the caves, and construct their "gelatinous nests" from it.

I tasted everything from curiosity ; some of the dishes were delicious, especially the shrimp stew. I was pleased to find myself handling the chop-

sticks with considerable success. They were afterwards presented to me. Mercifully these implements were supplemented by a very curious shaped spoon, like an oval sauce ladle, which, as there was a good deal of gravy to most of the *plats*, was very necessary.

We drank champagne and a native spirit, but this was very strong and everyone seemed to prefer the former.

After dinner most of the party repaired to the Chinese theatre. The piece was evidently of a comic nature, but, as may be imagined, did not convey much to my mind.

On the two following days, I visited friends on board the English men-of-war and went up the river in a steam-launch to look over the arsenal. My companion was an engineer, who has been employed a good deal by the Chinese Government. We first called on the principal officer, and lost a good deal of time in the inevitable tea-drinking with him. He gave us leave to go everywhere and see everything. In the centre of the ground was a high tower. On inquiring the use of this, I was amused to hear that a

previous Superintendant, being of an indolent nature, and objecting to the trouble involved by walking about to look after his subordinates, had this erected as a "coign of vantage," where he could sit at ease, sip his téa, smoke his pipe, and satisfy himself at the same time that everyone was doing his duty.

We looked over all the buildings, which contained some excellent machinery, but everything was in a very dirty state, and, although large quantities of munitions of war might be made here, we learned that they were only turning out a few hundred Remington rifles and sword bayonets weekly. Doubtless, the English authorities are fully aware of the capabilities of this arsenal for arming troops with breech-loaders at a short notice. There is also a Government powder manufactory in the neighbourhood.

After our tour of inspection, we returned to take leave of the Superintendant. On our complimenting him upon the excellent work done by his men, he was so pleased that he insisted upon our drinking a bottle of champagne with him, and after showing us over his own

house, conducted us to the large gates, which he had thrown open for our egress. This, I am told, is a mark of great honour.

*October 3rd.*—I took my passage to Hong Kong, and paid £12 6s. for it. After dinner, my hospitable entertainer drove me down to the tug-boat, which took me to the Peninsular and Oriental Steamer *Hindustan*. I got on board at midnight. She is a fine vessel. The cooking is very indifferent. There are only six passengers beside myself.

*Saturday, 5th.*—The glass is going down and the wind rising.

*Sunday, 6th.*—Could not sleep last night, owing to the rolling of the ship and the intense heat below. At six p.m. we stopped, put our pilot into a boat, and sent him on board the Peninsular and Oriental ship *Nizam* going to Shanghai.

*Monday, 7th.*—We reached Hong Kong last night—the lights on shore had a very pretty effect from the ship. I landed after breakfast this morning; looked up my friends; was made an honorary member of the Club, and given a

bed-room there. The great meal of the day here is the *table-d'hôte* tiffin. Everything in the club is good, but the noise made by the coolies outside turns the place into a sort of Pandemonium. The Chinese are most inveterate chatterers, and have very unpleasant, discordant voices.

There is a great commotion in the town to-day. Great dis-satisfaction is felt with the Governor, and an "indignation meeting" is about to be held, "to consider and discuss the existing state of insecurity of life and property in the Colony, and to pass such resolutions as may be deemed advisable."

I am told, that owing to the ill-advised clemency of the Governor to Chinese criminals, Hong Kong has become a hot-bed for ruffians of the worst description.

When the Europeans arrived at the City Hall, they found it packed with Chinese, so proceeded at once to the cricket ground. Various resolutions were passed, but I have not heard the result. The glass is still going down and a typhoon is feared.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—When I awoke, it was raining

in torrents and blowing a gale. The barometer stood at 29·75. At a little before ten, the drum at the Harbour Master's office was hoisted, and a typhoon gun fired from the Police Court. The tide was then a foot over the Praya Wall, near the Harbour Master's office. The men-of-war struck their top-gallant masts and sent down all yards, and the merchant steamers got up steam, and some went over to the other side of the harbour. Many Chinese with their families live on board boats, called sampans, and great numbers of these were wrecked in the storm. The Humane Society saved many lives, but with considerable difficulty, as the poor creatures were so anxious about their effects, they could hardly be prevailed upon to leave their sinking boats. One old woman, with a child in her arms, was thrown out of her sampan into the sea, but picked up and saved. By three o'clock the Praya was covered with small Hakka boats, drawn up to a place of safety, with their owners comfortably housed inside. The sea wall was very much damaged and the Praya strewn with wreckage.

Fortunately, the typhoon did not last many

hours, but long enough, however, to do a great deal of damage. Some lives were lost, but more than two hundred were saved by the Royal Humane Society.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—Still raining in torrents, with very hot, close weather. Devoted part of the day to shopping. I hear that at Foochow things are in a very unsettled state, owing to the excessive zeal of our missionaries, who, it is said, have not combined that quality with as much tact or consideration for Chinese prejudices as might be desirable.

Hong Kong is densely populated with Chinese. The Europeans live in very fine houses on the hill overlooking the town. They are most hospitable, and I dined out every night during my stay. Instead of the jinrikisha, you go about in a sedan-chair carried by two men. Pidgeon English, universally used in speaking to natives, grated very much on my unaccustomed ears, and reminded me a good deal of the language employed by nurses and fond mothers to babies. The merchants, also, talk a kind of slang amongst themselves, the word pidgeon coming in on every

occasion. For instance, if one of them has made a satisfactory transaction on 'Change, he will say, "That was a good pidgeon of mine this morning;" or, "That is my affair," "That is my pidgeon." The word Hong is used to indicate a place of business, as, "Whose Hong is that?" It is usual for men of business to dine at their Hong, where they have two separate messes, one for the partners, and another for the clerks.

You scarcely ever pay ready money in China (that is, if you are a resident or known there). Everything is done by what is called chits. A chit is a small card or ticket, on which your name or the name of your Hong is written. This you give to the shopman or coolies, having first written upon it the sum which they are to debit you. I was caused some inconvenience at hotels and clubs by my ready-money being refused, and chits asked for, as on one or two occasions, when I wanted to leave in a hurry, there was some difficulty in collecting my chits. The reason of this seemingly strange aversion to ready-money may be that the "heathen Chinese" does not inspire confidence in the breast of his employer,



who thinks himself not so likely to be done when he has the written testimony of a chit. Another reason may be, that as the coins in use are silver dollars as big as a crownpiece, it would be very inconvenient to carry any quantity in one's pocket. Once a month these chits are taken to the resident's Hong, where the Comprador, or house-steward, pays them in dollars.

Cricket is much played by the garrison and English here. There are also, as at Shanghai, races twice a year, which are looked forward to as great festivities. I am told the English troops suffer frightfully from the heat, which, I can testify, is almost unbearable.

At Hong Kong you buy capital bath-room slippers, made of a kind of grass. They are very comfortable, and only cost tenpence a pair. I also bought some horn riding-sticks very cheap.

*Thursday, October 10th.*—Still raining in torrents. I took my passage for Canton, and went on board the steamer at eight a.m. She was built like an American river-steamer, with a large saloon on deck. I was rather surprised to see a sailor with a naked cutlass in his hand and a

revolver in his belt, standing sentry at the hatchway, over which there was a padlocked iron grating. On asking him if we had any prisoners on board, he said, "No; but we always keep Chinese passengers on the lower deck, and place a watch over them." Not long ago, the steamer *Sprite*, in which I afterwards travelled, took a number of Chinamen on board. The officers and part of the crew were English, and there was one English passenger. In the middle of the day, when everyone was lying down, the pirates murdered the captain, the English crew, and, as they thought, the English passenger. They then robbed the ship, and made their escape in boats, which some confederates brought alongside. Some time after this, an English vessel passing the *Sprite* thought something was wrong, and boarded her. They found the unfortunate captain and crew lying dead. The passenger, though terribly cut about, still breathed, and was taken to the hospital, where he ultimately recovered. The English and Chinese police, though they made every attempt, could gain no clue to the murderers. Now comes the strange part of

the story. The captain's widow had a dream. In it she saw all the pirates together in a certain room in a certain village. So strong a hold did this dream take of her mind, that, to pacify her, the authorities caused a search to be made in the place she described, and there they found and captured one of the pirates. He confessed, implicated others, and, finally, six of the murderers were hanged.

All the officers and crew on board our ship were armed with revolvers, and in the saloon there was a rack of loaded rifles, so that passengers might arm themselves in case of an emergency.

On leaving Hong Kong, the scenery is lovely, and reminded me a good deal of parts of Scotland. Mountains rise from the water side. I was told that wild boar are to be found among the scrub. We passed a many-storied Pagoda. Presently, the scenery became flat, and villages dotted the banks. Occasionally, we observed a couple of tall red poles, which indicate either a joss-house or the residence of a Mandarin. Every now and then, on the summit of a hill, stood a

tall Pagoda, making an extremely picturesque object. The country near the water was well wooded. Lots of men were fishing with nets.

The living on board these river-boats is excellent—different kinds of fish, very well cooked, cutlets, fowls, curry, sweets, native fruit, and vegetables. We reached Canton at two p.m. I was struck by the amazing quantity of craft of all shapes and sizes lying closely packed together. Many of these were enormous junks, drawing very little water, and standing out almost like houses. These invariably carried cannon, which rested on pivots, so that the muzzles could be depressed, in order to fire into small boats at close quarters, if necessary. These vessels are used for carrying merchandise into the interior, and are often attacked by pirates. As at Hong Kong, the river population is enormous; whole families living in sampans. Many of them have never been ashore in their lives. The sampans are always rowed by women, with, generally, a baby tied on their backs. Some of them are very pretty.

The moment we let go our anchor, the steamer was surrounded by these boats ; the girls clambering on board, and insisting upon carrying one's person and effects on shore. As, however, a friend had sent his boat for me, I had not occasion to avail myself of their services.





## CHAPTER VII.

SHAMMIEN—CANTON STREETS AND SHOPS—BLACK DOGS' AND  
CATS' FLESH—TORTURES OF THE CHINESE DAMNED—PUNISH-  
MENT OF CARELESS SPORTSMEN—OF INCOMPETENT DOCTORS  
—REFINED CRUELTY—CHINESE IDEAS OF VIRTUE—THE  
GREAT BELL—A HUNDRED HEADS FOR ONE—THE WATER  
CLOCK—TIME-STICKS.



WAS rowed to the European settle-  
ment, called Shamien, on an island  
in the river. The houses are fine,  
with good gardens. There is a kind  
of esplanade along the bank, on which are lawn-  
tennis and croquet-grounds, fenced off and  
planted round with shrubs. My host had  
engaged a guide for me, Ah Cum by name, who

is considered the very best in Canton. He is a great swell in his way, and speaks English perfectly. He lived for a great many years with the Ven. Archdeacon Gray, formerly Consular Chaplain at Canton, afterwards archdeacon at Hong Kong.

There is only one hotel, a wretched place, and I congratulated myself that I had friends kind enough to put me up, instead of being obliged to take up my quarters there. We immediately started sight-seeing in chairs, one of which was chartered for the guide, an attention they invariably expect. We crossed the bridge between the settlement and the town. An armed policeman opened the gate, and in a few minutes we were in the heart of Canton. The streets are long and very narrow; not wider, I should say, than the Burlington Arcade. The reason of this may be, and probably is, to keep out the sun, for, in spite of the great heat, the streets are remarkably cool. In places where they are wider, great awnings of matting are stretched across from house to house. The streets rejoice in the most extraordinary names, such as "Street of Benevolence and

Love," "Street of One Thousand Grandsons," "Street of Five Happinesses," "Street of Accumulated Blessings," "Market of Golden Profits," &c., &c.

Outside the shops are long boards placed perpendicularly, painted in the brightest colours, on which are Chinese characters in gold. Large lanterns hang above the doors, painted gaily with birds, butterflies, &c. All this gives a very kaleidoscopic appearance to the streets. There seems to be no end to the shops, and the whole city teems with a vast population. I did not see it myself, but was told that dogs and cats are hung up in the butchers' shop windows, as sheep and pigs are here. Their flesh is largely eaten, (not unwittingly in sausages), but in a *bonâ fide* manner, and as advertised. For instance, I saw the tariff of a restaurant. One basin black cat's flesh, five cents. Black dog's grease, one tael, four cents. One pair black cat's eyes, four cents. The flesh of black cats and dogs is held in particular esteem, as it is considered highly nutritious. Rats are eaten salted and dried, and are supposed to have the same restorative properties in cases



of baldness as Mrs. S. Allen's Hair Restorer at home. The dogs' and cats' flesh is cut up into small pieces, and fried in oil with garlic. There appears to be no legitimate mode of drainage, and the dirt and smells are too disgusting. I visited various joss-houses. The courtyards of these were infested by dogs, evidently kept to guard the place. They were mostly of a sandy colour, with fox-like heads, and seemed to entertain a particular aversion for Europeans. I went to the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii. The figures, rather larger than life, are gilded, and sit side by side in a large hall. The face and attitude of each is different. "Some are fat, others lean; some tall, others short; some old, others young; some merry, others sad; some speaking, others maintaining silence; some laughing, others weeping; some wearing gay clothing, others the ragged robes of poverty; some wearing shoes, others having bare feet; some sitting on chairs, others riding on the backs of fabulous animals; some sitting on the leaves of the plantain-tree, others on the rugged rocks."\* . . . .

\* Gray.

They not only had the power of trampling under foot noxious reptiles, but of subduing the ferocity of wild beasts, and of speaking in strange and unknown tongues. One of these figures is said by some to be that of Marco Polo, but Arch-deacon Gray won't have this at all, but declares that it is that of Shien-Tchu, a native of one of the northern provinces of India, highly renowned for his zeal as an apostle of Buddha. In front of each figure is a candlestick and a large stone bowl, which holds the ashes of the incense burnt before them.

In the court-yard of one of the joss-houses the tortures of the damned are exhibited in recesses, showing much ingenuity both in the conception and carrying out. The figures are about half the size of life, and the expression of devilish delight on the countenances of the tormentors, and of agony on those of the tormented, is graphically portrayed. Women are being hewn limb from limb; men sewn up alive in raw bullocks' skins; small parties stewed up together in boiling cauldrons; hapless wretches thrust through with stakes, disembowelled, pounded in mortars, &c.

My friend gave me a book to read, containing an account of the Chinese ideas (the Buddhist sect) on the subject of future punishment. Certainly, if they believe in it, it ought to deter them from committing crimes in this life—it does not, however, appear to have that effect.

There are supposed, I read, to be ten kingdoms of hell, ruled over by separate kings, each of whom rejoices in the euphonious surname of Wong, though the christian names vary, as Ping-ting, Too-shu, and so on.

In the first kingdom are punished suicides, with priests and nuns who have neglected to say masses which they have been paid for. Their spirits are made to ascend a high tower, whence they look into a large looking-glass suspended in mid air. In this they see loathsome beasts and reptiles, whose forms they will take on returning to earth. The priests and nuns are also condemned to live in a gloomy chamber, and by the light of a dim lamp, to read in miniature type the masses they have neglected to say in life. Those who commit suicide, are a prey to intolerable hunger and thirst, and twice every

month undergo the same pangs they suffered at the time of self-destruction.

It would take too long to relate the list of offences named and the punishments inflicted, so I will only mention a few. Men who have injured their fellow-creatures by the careless use of fire-arms, are sent to the second kingdom for torture, and I should not be sorry to think that some men, with whom I have occasionally gone shooting, will have it made hot for them here. Ignorant physicians, who have insisted on doctoring people, are among the sufferers. Fraudulent trustees are suffocated in sand. Mandarins who have oppressed the poor, are shut up in cages where they cannot stand upright. The virtuous, return to earth to enjoy great honour and riches. I read that one title to being considered virtuous, is not to have posted placards on walls.

The variety of the offences jumbled up together is extremely curious. In the same boat are ploughmen who have turned up coffins in digging and not re-buried them; people who have written squibs on their neighbours; scribes who have not properly represented the meaning of the poor in

letters written for them, &c. Some of these are perpetually devoured by tigers, though their bodies, like the widow's cruse of oil, never diminish. Some are disembowelled without cessation, or bound to red-hot funnels of brass. The virtuous, here, are those who have erected bridges, or paved highways at their own expense.

The fourth kingdom is reserved for cheating tradesmen, for gamblers, drunkards, and people of loose lives. These are flung into pools of blood, brayed in mortars, and hung on beams like hams or joints, with hooks through a fleshy part. Here, virtue consists in having provided coffins for the poor.

The fifth king, Yim-lo-Wong, is a very ingenious and refined potentate in the way of torments. First, his victims are compelled to mount a pagoda from which they look down upon their birth-place, and see all the scenes in which in life they experienced happiness, delight, and love. Then they are sent down to the Hall of Judgment to suffer infernal torments, then taken up for another glimpse of the past, and so on, *ad*

*infinitum*. Backbiters, slanderers, and incendiaries are here.

The next hell is for those who scrape gold from idols, read obscene books, embroider or paint the gods or angels, sun, moon, or stars, on silk or china, and to this hell, if it exists, I fear most of my countrymen are doomed, as it is for those "who have never been satisfied with the seasons."

It is a comfort to know that from the penalties of the seventh kingdom, such as being boiled in oil and thrown down volcanoes, you may save yourself by the timely purchase and setting free of live birds from the poulterer. An immense virtue is to have let blood from the arm or leg for a sick parent to lie in. This is greatly believed in in China as a remedy, and dutiful children will also cut off bits of their flesh for the benefit of their progenitors.

Great horrors are reserved in the eighth kingdom for people who have told improper stories, and for women who have hung clothes out to dry on the house-tops. This last, to us seemingly venial offence, is a very serious one to the

Chinese, as they believe it interferes with the flight of departed spirits through the air.

I don't know what is to become of butchers and poulterers, for all who have killed birds, fowls, fishes, and pigs, are in the next world eaten up by the birds and beasts they have destroyed here.

With a view of impressing upon the minds of the people the awful fate that awaits them, symbolical processions are from time to time got up in the various towns.

We went on to the Temple of the Five Genii, where, in the great Bell Tower, hangs the largest bell in China. It is never rung, as a superstition is current among the people that the sounding of it brings misfortune. It was cast in 1368. Once it was struck by accident, and immediately large numbers of children were smitten with disease, and died. During the bombardment of Canton by the French and English, a cannon-ball struck it, and the Chinese have always believed it was in consequence of this that the city was taken.

At the time of our war with them, rewards were offered by the Chinese for European heads,

and many inoffensive people were killed. On one occasion, a cook, belonging to one of the French men-of-war, went into the town to buy provisions, accompanied by two of the crew armed. They were set upon by Chinese cut-throats; the cook was murdered and beheaded, the other two men escaped. Immediately upon hearing of this, the French Admiral resolved to give a lesson to the Chinese that they would not easily forget. He sent an armed party on shore, divided into two companies, who entered the street at either end, (Ah Cum took me through it), and killed every man, woman, and child, to the number of a hundred. After this, the Chinese came to the conclusion that a hundred heads for one wasn't fair play, and left off offering rewards for such trophies.

We then had a look at the shops. Whole streets are devoted to the sale of jade—a favourite ornament with the Chinese, especially with the women of the lower class, who wear rings, bracelets, and ear-rings of it. Some is white; some, different shades of green. It is extremely hard, and wire saws are used for cutting it.



Then I saw the gold-beaters hammering the precious metal into thin leaves, and afterwards had a look at the carpenters engaged in their work. They invariably held the object they were making between their toes ; their tools are made exactly in the reverse way from ours ; the saws and planes cut on being drawn towards the workman, instead of when pushed away from him. One street is devoted to enamelling copper and silver with scrapings from the feathers of the kingfisher. These ornaments look pretty when first made, but are very perishable. I bought some, but, on unpacking them in London, found their beauty quite gone.

Other streets are inhabited by carvers of ivory and sandal-wood. The Chinese, as everyone knows, excel particularly in this work. They squat about in the doorways and shops, busily engaged, and chatting all the while. Canton is the place to buy embroideries on silk and satin ; here you get those worked on both sides, which are the most esteemed.

The Chinese either cannot or do not make watches. They burn time-sticks, which are mar-

vellously accurate, and are made according to the time given by the Clepsydra, or water-clock, to which, in the course of the day, I paid a visit. It will be easier for me, and probably more intelligible to the reader, if I describe this in the words of the *Chinese Repository*, quoted by Archdeacon Gray:—

“The clepsydra is called the Tung-Wu-Ti-Lom that is, copper-jar water-dropper—and is placed in a separate room, under the supervision of a man, who, beside his stipend and perquisites, obtains a livelihood by selling time-sticks. There are four covered copper jars, standing on a brick-work stairway, the top of each of which is level with the bottom of the one above it; the largest measures 23 inches high, and the same broad, and contains 70 catties, or  $97\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water; the second is 22 inches high, and 21 inches broad; the third is 21 inches high, and 20 inches broad; and the lowest, 23 inches high, and 19 broad. Each is connected with the other by an open trough, along which the water trickles. The wooden index in the lowest jar is set every morning and afternoon, at five o'clock, by placing

the mark on it even with the cover, through which it rises and indicates the time. The water is dipped out, and poured back into the top jar when the index shows the completion of the half day, and the water is renewed every quarter."

This clepsydra was made in 1324, but the copper vessels were re-cast in 1860.

"At the commencement of each watch of the day, white boards, on which in large black Chinese characters the name of the watch or hour is specified, are, with the view of giving the time to the general public, placed on the top of the arch. In the hall, which contains the water-clock, a drum and an iron gong are placed. By means of these instruments of percussion, the keeper of the clock is enabled to announce the various watches or hours of the night. On the iron gong there are imprinted two Chinese characters, of which one represents the sun, and the other the moon. Immediately above the small stone staircase, on the steps of which the vessels forming the water-clock are placed, there is a small shrine in honour of Pwan-Ku, who, in Chinese mythology, is described as having been

the first man, and by whom, at the command of the gods, the heavens and the earth were formed. As Pwan-Ku flourished at a time when garments were unknown, he is generally represented as being in almost a nude state.

“On leaving, we bought a small bundle of time-sticks. The sticks in question, each of which is thirty-two inches long, are used, as their name more or less implies, for the purpose of measuring time. For use by day, some are especially made, while others, for service by night, are particularly constructed. Each burns during a period of twelve hours. Of these, King Alfred's candles—as some of our party termed them—we bought two, and from a printed circular, or advertisement, which was, at the same time, handed to us by the man from whom we purchased them, we learned the following particulars.

“The ingredients of which these time-measuring sticks are made, are prepared according to the directions of the official, or Imperial astronomers, or astrologers. The duration of each time-stick, is adjusted according to the clepsydra, so that

the time which it indicates when burning, may be regarded as correct. Time-sticks, which are manufactured to mark the hours of the day, must be lighted at day-dawn, when the lines on the palm of the hand are just visible; while those which are constructed to mark the hours of the night, must be lighted at dusk, when the lines on the palm of the hand are not discernible. Each stick, when burning, must be placed in a perpendicular position. It is also necessary that it should be placed in a room free from currents of air.”\*

\* Gray.





## CHAPTER VIII.

HALL OF EXAMINATION—THE PRISONS—TORTURES—HORRORS  
—EXECUTIONS—PUNISHING THE INNOCENT—NINE-TAILED  
FISH—RECEIPT FOR PRODUCING THEM—SACRED PIGS—  
METHOD OF SOFTENING A HARD HEART—FLOWER BOATS—  
RIVER POPULATION—DUCK BOATS—FIGHTING CRICKETS—  
KITE FLYING—HARDSHIPS OF CHINESE WOMEN—A HUS-  
BAND'S POWER OF REVENGE—A CYCLONE.



FRIDAY, 11<sup>th</sup>.—Ah Cum came for me immediately after breakfast, and we started for the “Hall of Examination,” one of the principal objects of interest in Canton, where all candidates for Government employment come to be examined once in three years. They are of all ages and ranks.

The hall is a gigantic building, as may be conjectured from the fact that it accommodates ten thousand candidates separately, though I am bound to say the accommodation is extremely limited ; each apartment, or cell, being little more than a horse-stall. Here they must live for two days. They are supplied with planks, which make their table by day and their bed by night. Government provides them with food and attendance during their stay. On entering the first gateway, the candidates are searched, in case they should have "cribs," or reference-books secreted upon them. At the second gateway, they are again subjected to this ordeal. Then each of them is given a ticket, bearing the number of his cell and the name of the row in which it is situated.

After the examination, the names of the successful candidates are published in a list, which is, of course, headed by the student who has won the highest honours. He receives the title of Kai-yuen ; is taken to the Governor's house, decorated with a golden flower and a richly-embroidered collar. After this, he is given a ban-

quet. When a man takes the above degree, his family are amazingly proud and delighted, and make it the subject of great rejoicing.

I am told that the Chinese have a most extraordinary veneration for anything written or printed in their own language, and a particular horror of its being trodden under foot. Men, specially employed, go about collecting waste paper, which is subsequently taken to a temple to be burned.

From the Hall of Examination, I went to the prisons. On entering the Police Station, I saw many curious looking instruments hanging on the walls and standing in corners. These were the instruments of torture, the uses of which were explained to me with infinite gusto by the gaoler, who seemed to take a devilish delight in the horrors he narrated. Some were for breaking the joints of the arms and legs, or for breaking fingers. Many of the instruments were of such fiendish cruelty that they made one sick. Over the door of the prison is carved in stone the head of a ferocious tiger with open jaws. This is the infernal deity of the place. Proceeding to the



courtyard, I saw numbers of prisoners fearfully emaciated, unshorn, and with long, matted hair, who presented the most deplorable spectacle imaginable. They were standing or sitting about on the ground in chains, some fastened to huge stones. Many of them were nearly naked, and covered with dreadful sores from floggings and tortures. Some had their heads fastened into *cangues*—large square pieces of wood, worn round the neck like a collar. With great difficulty they rose from the ground and came towards me, begging for money. It seems that Government does not allow the miserable wretches food enough to support life, so that, if any of them are without friends or help, they are bound to die of starvation. Even when they get money given them, the gaolers, who are the most brutal wretches conceivable, take the greater part away from them.

So absorbing is the passion for gambling amongst the Chinese, that I even saw these poor creatures occupied in trying the chances of Fortune with each other.

The whole place was in a state of inconceivable

filth, and the stench from the open drains was unbearable. The mortality amongst the prisoners is very great. Their dead bodies are not allowed to be taken out of the prison gates, but are flung into the street through a hole in the wall, where they are picked up by coolies, thrust into baskets, and carried outside the town for burial.

I next visited the female prisoners, who looked equally dejected, and were even more clamorous for money. One rather good-looking girl had, I was told, poisoned her husband, and was awaiting execution. It is not a matter for surprise that these unhappy prisoners look eagerly forward to the time when death will release them from their misery.

When a day is fixed for executions, an official comes to the prison and calls out the names of the condemned. They are brought to him separately in a basket, and he proceeds to cross-examine each as to his identity, lest, in their eagerness to put an end to their wretchedness, one should attempt to take the place of another, and so be executed before his time. The official,

having ascertained that he has got the man he wants, gives him a ticket, and sends him off to the execution ground. As they emerge from the prison, their friends, (if they have any), are generally waiting outside, and give them betel-nut to chew : (these produce drowsiness) : or, if they can afford it, wine and fat pork. Each convict has a placard on his head, stating his name and the crime which he is to expiate by death. On arriving at the execution-ground, (where pottery was being made when I visited it), the condemned are tumbled out of their baskets, picked up by the executioner's assistants, placed on their knees in a row at the distance of a few paces from each other, with their heads bent forward. The executioner, on receiving a signal from the magistrate, walks down the line with his two-handed sword, and chops off each head at a blow.

Here prisoners sentenced to undergo a lingering death are bound to wooden crosses, and then cut into pieces with sharp knives. Some are divided into eight, others into twenty-four, thirty-six, seventy-two, or a hundred and twenty

pieces, according to the degree of their offence. A good deal of hair was lying about, also several skulls, others were covered up in quick-lime in earthen pots, resembling small bread pans.

On making some remarks to a Chinese gentleman on the cruel treatment and torture of prisoners, he said that as death is considered no punishment in his country, and is ineffectual in preventing crime; it is necessary to have recourse to these horrors to inspire fear. I heard, however, that the most terrible tortures were not sufficient to prevent the commission of numerous and atrocious crimes.

If a criminal escapes, the whole of his family are seized and kept in prison until he gives himself up, and are even occasionally executed in default of the real criminal. I saw innocent people who had been vicariously imprisoned for many years.

Having finished my survey of the prisons and the execution ground, I went round the walls of Canton. These are very massive, and wide enough to drive a carriage along. At intervals there are towers, with embrasures for guns, and

loop-holes for muskets. These walls surround the whole of Canton. I lunched in an upper chamber of the five-storied Pagoda, from which I had a capital view of the city, the river, the burial-grounds, and the adjacent country. The burial-grounds cover a large extent of ground on the sides of the hills. In the afternoon I visited more temples, to some of which beautiful gardens are attached. The Chinese are great gardeners, and have the Dutch fancy for cutting their trees and shrubs into grotesque shapes. In the gardens of the Monastery of Longevity are tanks, where fish culture is carried on. Innumerable quantities of gold and silver fish are bred here. The Chinese carry their love of the grotesque even into pisciculture, and contrive to breed fish with four and more tails, and eyes hanging right out of their heads. Their shapes are quite different from any I ever saw before.

Archdeacon Gray, quoting from a Chinese work compiled early in the seventeenth century, gives the following receipt:—

“For those that have three tails and nine tails, and are white, with vermilion spots, take

small red insects, and feed the fish with them for one hundred days, when they will all change their colour. From being at first white like silver, they will grow gradually yellow, and, in the course of time, become golden. Gold fish with triple and quintuple tails are produced by covering the spawn, when dropped, with a large prawn. If there be no prawn, the tails are of a common kind. The fish with vermillion scales were first reared in confinement in the year 960, and now they are cultivated everywhere by families, for the sake of ornament."

Quoting from another Chinese work, the Archdeacon says:—

" Since the year 1548 there has been produced at Hang-Chow a variety of Kin-tsi, called the fire-fish, from its intensely red colour. It is universally admired, and there is not a household where it is not cultivated in rivalry as to its colour and as a source of profit."

I visited the Honam Temple, in the garden of which is a pond where fish are thrown as an offering to Buddha by grateful persons whose

prayers have been answered. To buy a live fish or bird in the market and give it its liberty is considered an action well pleasing to their deity.

The monks who die here are all cremated. I was shown their ashes in earthenware jars.

Near this place is the abode of the sacred pigs, which are very handsome (as pigs go), and very fat. A notice-board requests you not to tease or poke these animals, at the same time reminding you that should you indulge in this cruelty, an all-seeing eye will take note of it, and punish you on the day of retribution. Near this place may also be seen sacred goats, fowls, ducks, and geese, their sacredness consisting in their having been presented to Buddha by grateful disciples.

I went to see the temple of Tchu-Shing-Tai-Chong, a great physician. Here is a "Shrine for Disconsolate Women." To this the supplicants, who are either unhappy wives or slaves suffering from the tyranny of their mistresses, or women afflicted with quarrelsome neighbours, bring paper images, which they affix upside down to the rails

of the altar, in the hope that "The Three Ladies" who preside here will be pleased entirely to change the hearts and dispositions of their tormentors and oppressors. Young women who have quarrelled with their lovers apply in a similar way for assistance

I then paid a visit to what is called The City of the Dead. It resembles catacombs, except that it is above ground. Here corpses are brought and kept until the astrologers decide upon a lucky day and place for burial, when they are interred. The coffins are made of four planks, so arranged as to resemble as much as possible the trunk of a tree. Rice is placed beside them and cups of tea, for the benefit of the dead. I saw a street inhabited by makers of coffins, where this melancholy ware was exposed for sale.

On my return, my hostess showed me nearly a hundred different shaped tea-pots, of which it is the fashion to make a collection. Before dinner I went on the river to look at the different kinds of boats.

The river population of Canton is immense.



The number and variety of the craft on the river is so great that it cannot be imagined by any one who has not seen it. The dwellers upon the water are looked down upon by their brethren on land, though they are really a finer and hardier race, more particularly the women.

A very great institution is the flower-boat. This is a sort of floating café, very handsome and elaborately decorated, with much gilding, and, sometimes, stained glass windows. When a Chinese wishes to give an entertainment to his friends, he hires one of these and provides a grand banquet, with singing and dancing-women to amuse the company. At night the flower-boats are lighted with coloured lamps, and present a very gay appearance. I went over several that were lying alongside each other, stepping from one to the other. I am told that they are now comparatively few in number, the missionaries having induced Government to put them down. I saw several young women on board, but they were not expecting visitors, and were quite *en déshabille*. Then there are "bed-boats," used by

travellers as hotels, and, it is said, as assignation-houses also.

Other boats, in which priests live, and in which there are altars and idols, serve as river-temples. These never leave their moorings.

Amongst the craft are huge floating kitchens, where the great banquets for the flower-boats are sometimes prepared; they are also used as restaurants. Then there are boats called Hongs, in which the Chinese take their families for pleasure trips up the river. Again, there are whole streets of boats inhabited by sailors, who live in them between their voyages; police-boats, ferry-boats; boats where marriage festivities are conducted, (and marriage amongst the water population is celebrated with extraordinary pomp and expense), boats containing every sort of commodity—rice-boats, fish-boats, pork-boats, green-pea boats, china-ware boats, and even barbers' boats. The barber sits in the stern of his little craft; "paddles his own canoe" with one hand, and rings a bell with the other, to announce his approach. Then there are sampans by thousands—sampan means

three planks, and is indicative of the slight and unsubstantial nature of the craft. Most boats, (of all kinds), have pieces of red paper bearing cabalistic figures pasted on the bow and stern.

I was anxious to see the duck-boats. Between one and two thousand ducks often live on board one boat. For an hour or two, twice a day, the proprietor lands his flock, to take their lunch and dinner on the banks and in the fields. They return at his call, and the last to arrive is whipped, "*pour encourager les autres.*" Ducks form a great staple of consumption in China, and are not only eaten fresh, but dried and salted.

I had heard a great deal of cricket-fighting as a national amusement, and was very anxious to see it, but unfortunately it was the wrong time of year, so I had to content myself with hearing it described. The greatest excitement is felt about it, and crickets are backed as freely and for as large stakes, as cocks were formerly in England. The owner of a good fighting cricket is not a little proud of it, and, when a match is

coming off, has its various performances and victories placarded about, to inspire confidence in the backers. The pugilist cricket is taken immense care of, and is fed on fish, honey, chestnuts, and rice. He lives in an earthen pot, where a bath is provided for him; and lest he should feel dull, his solitude is every evening cheered by a lady cricket, who dines and spends a few hours with him.

The cricket-fights take place in sheds. A small tub is placed on a table and the crickets fight in this. The winner's master receives the stakes, which are held by a committee, and, in addition, a roasted pig and a gilt ornament. When a celebrated champion cricket dies, he has the honour of being buried in a silver coffin. Sometimes a great fighter is sold for a large sum. Quail-fighting is another favourite sport. These have evidently long been national amusements, for I have in my possession a very large Oriental dish, which has been in the family a hundred and fifty years, and on it are painted crickets fighting in various positions, and also a couple of quail similarly engaged.

Kite-flying is a very popular amusement, and not only an amusement, but in some cases a sort of religious observance. Some of the kites are enormously large and very handsome. It takes several men to hold one of the very big ones, which are in all sorts of shapes—birds, men, fish, insects, flower-baskets, but unlike our English kites, they have no tails. Some, however, are in the shape of serpents and are a great length. The ninth day of the ninth month is devoted to kite-flying, and all the population turns out to the hills or some breezy spot where they indulge in this amusement. Very often when the kites have risen to a great height, the string is cut, and the departing kite is supposed to carry away misfortune from the owner's house.

Men seem to have a much better time than women in China. A woman cannot get a divorce under any circumstances, however great a brute or ruffian her husband may be, but he can put her away for very venial offences—incompatibility of temper, disrespect to himself or to his parents, disobedience, &c., &c. Should

she be guilty of infidelity, he may not only divorce her but may sell her to a house of ill-fame, or, if he is of a vindictive disposition, may beat her to death or chop off her head. Sometimes, when a woman is discovered with her lover, the offended husband will lock them up, (if the lover is rich), until the latter has paid a very handsome sum. This is certainly a simpler proceeding than an action for damages in our own country. If the unfortunate correspondent should have no worldly goods, the indignant husband cuts off his pigtail and has him flogged through the streets of the town.

A woman who commits bigamy is strangled; if she deserts her husband, she is condemned to receive a hundred blows. Should she strike her father or mother-in-law, she is flogged through the streets and expelled from her home. I heard a good deal on board ship on this particular subject—the treatment of Chinese women. What with this and the tortures they must undergo with their poor little feet, they seem to have rather a bad time of it.

Not very long ago, a fearful cyclone occurred in Canton, of such violence, that whole streets were demolished and many thousands of people perished. Trees were torn up and riven asunder—some large houses had only an angle blown off. This happened to the house of the friend with whom I was staying.





## CHAPTER IX.

MACAO—A GAMBLING HOUSE—FANTAN—REDUCED GENTLEWOMEN—A BOOK TO READ—THE FEMALE CARGO—THEIR AMUSEMENTS—A TEDIOUS VOYAGE—SINGAPORE—BARGAINING—A PINE-APPLE FOR THREE HALFPENCE—CHANGE OF PASSENGERS—FLIRTING IN PENANG—SHOALS IN THE HOOGHLY—CALCUTTA.

**S**ATURDAY, 12th.—Left Canton for Macao at eight a.m. in the *Sprite*, the vessel before alluded to as the scene of the murders by pirates. I am the only white passenger on board. There are a hundred and twenty-five Chinese, but they are confined below, and two sentries are stationed near the hatchways, armed



In the streets the coolies are perpetually gambling; you see them squatting about in corners engaged at play. I am told that many of the keepers of low restaurants have a sort of roulette table. A man goes in, pays for his dinner, takes a turn at roulette. If he wins, he gets his dinner, and his money is returned to him; if he loses, he goes dinnerless.

In the times of the coolie-trade, Macao was a most flourishing town, but since that trade was abolished, the inhabitants are ruined; the place is almost deserted, and grass grows in all the streets. At present the only source of revenue to the Portuguese is the money they get for licensing the gambling-houses. Formerly, I am told, Macao was a very gay and cheery place; balls and dinner parties being rife.

*Sunday, 13th.*—After breakfast, hearing the sound of martial music, I went up to the barracks, and saw two companies of Portuguese Infantry parading for Church. They looked clean and smart, but were all sizes. I then went to the Cathedral—a fine building—and heard Mass. A

good many people were present; all the women had their faces shrouded by mantillas—no great loss, I am told, as they are the reverse of lovely. They wear very voluminous petticoats, and are all dressed in black. In the evening I went to the Gardens to hear the band play. There were a good many men, but only a few ladies. On inquiring the reason, I was informed that as they are all in very bad circumstances, and have no new gowns to show, they prefer to remain at home.

I saw the garden of Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, where he is supposed to have written some of his chief poems.

I was rather tired of sight-seeing, but the following are the objects of interest which the traveller is supposed to visit, and which the Chinese clerk at the hotel obligingly made me out a list of:—The public gardens (there are two), the light-house, burial ground, pagoda, barrier, market, Bar Fort, Senate house, and barracks.

*Monday, 14th.*—Returned to Hong Kong, where I arrived in time for tiffin. Devoted the after-

noon to wishing my friends good-bye; packed up, and took my passage to Calcutta on board the opium steamer, *Arratoon Apar*. The ticket cost £30, and included wine.

It would be useless for me to give an account of what I spent in China, as, owing to the hospitality of friends who entertained me the greater part of the time, my hotel bills amounted to very little. I imagine that, had I been living at my own expense, my sixteen days in China would have cost me something under £40.

Before quitting China, I may remark on the great difference I found between the inhabitants and the Japanese in their manner towards foreigners. In Japan all was civility; even the dogs were friendly. In China, on the contrary, the small children invariably scowled and hooted at Europeans, and the dogs barked furiously, and were very much disposed to bite.

*Tuesday, October 15th.*—I went on board my steamer. She belongs to Sassoon & Co., and is used for bringing opium to Hong Kong. This opium trade is the curse of China, and, I fear, we

are anything but blameless in the matter, as we import it largely.

It is a long, tedious journey from here to Calcutta, and I advise the traveller who intends going through India to supply himself with Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War" to read on the voyage. It will add immensely to the interest with which he will afterwards visit such places as Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, &c., &c. By a very bad arrangement, of which I was unable to discover the motive, the steamers of the two different Companies, Sassoon's and Jardine's, both leave on the same day and hour the middle of each month. It would, of course, be infinitely more convenient to the public if they ran the boats alternately. The passengers were two Englishmen, three Americans (one a missionary with his wife), and some five hundred Chinese. Among these were about thirty girls going to Singapore and Penang. I was led to believe that they were not going as domestic servants, as it was represented, but for an illicit purpose. Although the Government do their utmost to keep down this traffic, the girls

themselves assist in evading the law. Before coming on board, they were questioned by a Government official as to their destination and employment, and whether they were going of their own free will. They all, apparently, gave satisfactory answers, and each was then stamped on the arm with a mark in Indian ink. They were brought on board by a middle-aged woman, who, after seeing them settled, returned to the shore.

I was told she made a great deal of money by collecting and importing these girls. I must say, however, that they all seemed happy, and were exceedingly well cared for on board ship. They spent the whole of the time in eating, drinking, and arranging each other's hair, which, in some cases, was very long and beautiful, but they rather spoiled the appearance of it by plastering it over with quantities of thick oil. They also devoted a good deal of time to polishing their teeth, which were white as ivory, with bits of wood. Their feet were bare and very large, though that was infinitely preferable to seeing them distorted.

I was greatly amused to see several babies, little more than a year old, feeding themselves with chop-sticks, which they handled with great dexterity. These infant Cupids, for they had no more dress than the little god, disported themselves all day on the lower deck, and seemed very happy.

The day before arriving at Singapore and Penang was devoted by the Chinamen to shaving each other; not only the cheeks and chin, but all over the face and nose that not a particle of down might be left. A great many of them smoked opium. The women and girls smoked pipes all day long: these were of such a complicated nature that I am at a loss how to describe them.

The living was fairly good, but the meals were most inconveniently arranged as to time, there not being sufficient interval between them. Breakfast at nine, lunch at half-past twelve, dinner at half-past five, which made the evening painfully long.

The heat was almost unbearable, being ninety degrees in the cabins. Sleep was next to im-

possible, and when you did doze off towards morning, you were soon aroused by the holy-stoning of the deck, which was done with an amount of noise utterly unnecessary. This continued till half-past eight.

As there is very little to see at Penang, I should recommend the traveller of the future to go from Hong Kong to Galle, and thence to Madras and Calcutta by Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

The time hung very heavy on hand. My only occupation was in watching the Chinese passengers, and chatting with my countrymen and the missionary, who had had some hair-breadth escapes in India.

*Monday, October 21st.*—Arrived at Singapore at two p.m., seven days after leaving Hong Kong : distance, one thousand four hundred and thirty-seven miles.

We found the town *en fête*, as the Maharajah of Johore had just arrived from Europe. He seems very popular here, and is extremely energetic ; has started large saw-mills, and sends great quantities of timber to Calcutta. We were

delayed starting three hours next day by having to take on board several barge-loads of his wood.

I went to the Hotel de l'Europe, a very large, straggling building. We sat down to dinner over a hundred of all nationalities. The landlord was a German, whom I had seen before either at Hamburg or Heligoland. The heat here is unbearable. I spent the afternoon on the verandah of the hotel, occasionally making purchases amongst the crowd of itinerant vendors who thronged the road below. Bargaining here is necessary, as they always ask double what they mean to take.

After some trouble, I succeeded in getting some very good Malacca canes extremely cheap, but I had considerable difficulty in making the men show me good ones, as they kept the best in reserve, and tried very hard to palm off inferior ones. Shells, caps, and slippers were also offered for sale.

In the evening I went for a drive to see the town, but this gave me nothing in particular to chronicle. I was disappointed to find that,



although there is a large European population, there is no place of amusement.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—Hired a conveyance, a curious shaped carriage, drawn by a pony not much bigger than a Shetland, which, however, went at full gallop the whole time. I drove along an excellent road to the public gardens in which the tropical plants and trees are very fine. There are great numbers of cocoa-nut trees ; also a collection of very beautiful tropical birds. Wonderful accounts were given me of the gigantic boa-constrictors occasionally seen in this neighbourhood. The Malays are a fine, wiry race, and very muscular.

There are pretty villas on the outskirts of the town, each standing in its own grounds. All the roads are good.

I went on board again in the afternoon, and we left at half-past six. Most of the Chinese passengers had disappeared, and, on walking round the lower deck, I found their places filled by numerous cages of beautiful parrots, parquets, and small birds with lovely plumage ; also monkeys. This was a private speculation on

the part of the crew and of some Jew passengers with the most villanous countenances it was ever my lot to behold.

There were also on deck a number of brass-bound camphor-wood boxes, very well finished. These came from Hong Kong, and I learnt afterwards that I ought to have bought some there, as they are very good and cheap. They are invaluable for keeping clothes in, as moths will not go near them. One of the ship's officers had a military chest of drawers made of camphor-wood which excited my envy.

A supply of excellent pine-apples had also been taken on board. They cost only three-halfpence each.

*Thursday, 24th.*—Arrived at Penang, three hundred and eighty-one miles from Singapore, at eleven a.m., and went to the Hotel de l'Europe, kept by a stout, good-natured Russian woman, who speaks every language and is a capital hostess. Drove to the waterfall, one of the sights. I made particular inquiries for "Penang lawyers," big canes, which I had always heard of as one of the products of the place, but not only

could I not get one, but could not even hear of one.

In the evening I walked on the esplanade, and saw a few carriages containing ladies. I was rather amused to see several flirtations going on here, under somewhat unusual conditions. No sooner did the carriages arrive on the ground than the coachmen took out the horses, and led them away to a distance. The cavaliers then approached the side of the carriage, and, resting one foot on the step, proceeded to converse with the fair occupants.

*Friday, 25th.*—Rose at six with the intention of going to the top of the hill, which commands a beautiful and most extensive view. On a clear day you may see eighty miles. The heat, however, was so intense that I was recommended not to attempt the ascent. Everyone here is suffering from prickly heat, I among the number, though I have not experienced much discomfort, owing, I fancy, to drinking nothing but light claret and water, and taking a dose of Eno's fruit salt every morning. Went on board at half-past three p.m. Found all the Chinese

passengers gone, but we picked up some Parsees and Malays bound for Calcutta.

*September, 26th.*—In sight of land all day. Devoted most of the time to my journal and writing letters.

*September, 28th.*—At eight a.m. passed the Coco Islands, which are prettily wooded and picturesque-looking.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—At five a.m. the pilot came on board. He was a great swell, and not without a sense of his own importance. These Hooghly pilots are very superior men, and have a most difficult and dangerous task in navigating vessels up to Calcutta. Owing to the different currents acting on the bed of the river, the shoals and sand-banks constantly shift their positions. Fresh soundings have to be taken every day, and the result telegraphed to Calcutta. We passed the wrecks of several fine vessels buried in the sand, with their masts standing erect out of the water. When a steamer strikes one of these fatal sand-banks, she topples over, and, before she can right herself, is engulfed in mud and sand. Once

wrecked, a vessel can never be raised, nor can any of the cargo be recovered, however valuable. It rained in torrents all day. I never saw such rain, except in Japan.

The "James" and "Mary" are the names of the two most dangerous shoals.

The country is very flat, but planted with bamboos, cocoa-nut, and mango trees. We passed the palaces of the ex-king of Oude. The roofs were covered with immense flocks of pigeons, and I noticed men with red flags employed in driving them off as soon as they settled. We came to an anchor in the river at half-past five p.m. The distance from Penang is one thousand two hundred and twenty miles. With some difficulty, I secured a boat, rowed by four men, to take me ashore. After rowing more than a mile, they landed on a muddy bank, and one carried me on his back to the high road, where he deposited me under a big tree. The others followed with the luggage. At this juncture, a porter came up with the badge of the Great Eastern Hotel on his cap, and told me that the manager, having heard of the arrival of

the ship, had sent him to meet me. He procured a dâk (pronounced dawk), which took me to the hotel. My baggage was put in a bullock-cart, and eventually followed me.





## CHAPTER X.

HEAT, FLIES, PUNKAHS—BENARSI—BUYING NECESSARIES—  
STARTING FOR THE FRONT—PEGS—A DAK BUNGALOW—  
BENARES—THE CITY OF IDOLS—SACRED MONKEYS—THE OB-  
SERVATORY—BATHERS IN THE GANGES—VISHNU'S PERSPIRA-  
TION—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE—LUCKNOW—THE RESIDENCY—  
DEATH OF LAWRENCE—HEROES AND HEROINES—THE RELIEF  
—A SUPREME MOMENT—CAWNPORE.



ON arriving at the hotel, which was very full, the manager informed me that he had kept rooms for me. I was very much disappointed not to find the servant who had been ordered for me. However, as several came to offer their services, I selected one *pro tem.* till I could look about me. A private servant in India is an absolute

necessity. The hotel servants pay very little attention to visitors, and unless you have your own man behind your chair at meals, you stand very little chance of getting enough to eat. I was very thankful to find myself once more on *terrâ firma*, after my tedious voyage. The heat is still intense. This is mitigated by punkahs, but I have not yet got used to them, and they fidget me very much. I suppose, however, that without them, life and the flies would be unendurable.

Dinner over, I went to the theatre. The performance was very poor, and I soon came away. I was glad to get to bed, and, drawing my mosquito curtains round me, was soon off to sleep.

*Thursday, October 31st.*—The greater part of the day was employed in looking out for a servant. Numbers with excellent testimonials presented themselves, but I did not like their appearance. They could not look me straight in the face, and had a cringing, servile manner, which disgusted me. Presently the manager came and told me that he had got the very



man for me. He had been his second butler for years, but, owing to a quarrel with the head butler, had left. On seeing the man I was much taken with his appearance, and engaged him there and then. His name was Benarsi. He was a fine, soldier-like looking man, no longer very young, with a grey beard and moustache, and bright, intelligent eyes, capable at times of looking most ferocious. The great point about him was that he always looked you straight in the face. I paid him a rupee and a quarter a day. This is much higher pay than servants are accustomed to get, though, to English ideas, it will not seem extravagant, particularly as it included his food. The proper value of a rupee is two shillings, but now it is only worth one and ninepence. Sixteen annas (worth about three halfpence apiece) go to a rupee. These two coins are the principal ones in use throughout India.

Benarsi spoke English perfectly—knew every part of India, and for thirty years had been servant to English officers. He was a capital cook and could do everything—I mention this

as some servants have only one *spécialité*, and many men travel about with several.

Wherever you go in India, except at hotels, it is customary to take your own bedding. The following list of things which I bought in Calcutta may be useful.

One rizai, (a thick quilt), a rug or coloured blanket, a pillow and two pillow cases, two pairs of sheets, six towels, six dusters, boot brushes, and blacking. Also a solar hat, which is indispensable, and six cholera belts. I bought mine of Thresher & Glenney, in the Strand, (theirs are the best), and found them invaluable as a preventive in Japan and China.

The traveller should not fail to get "The Indian Traveller's Railway Guide" answering to our Bradshaw, and Forbes's "Hindustani Manual" which enables you to pick up enough of the language to get on. These may be bought of Messrs. Thacker and Spink, the principal booksellers in Calcutta.

Finding that all my friends had gone up to the front, (Afghanistan), I resolved to follow them, in order, if possible, to get there before the taking

of Ali Musjid, which it was supposed would happen on the 12th of November. I intended, however, to see as much as I could on my way.

*November 1st.*—Took my ticket for Benares and left Howrah, (the Calcutta railway station), at three p.m. I set my watch by the railway clock, as Madras time is kept at all the stations on the line. Arrived at Burdwan, sixty-six miles from Calcutta, at six, and dined with some friends.

The Rajah of Burdwan is the richest landholder in Bengal—"his estates," says the guide-book, "pay an annual rental to Government of £400,000." He has a fine palace not far from the station, fitted up in European style. The Rajah is well disposed towards the English, and has built them an excellent club. I went over it, and refreshed myself with a "peg." This is the Indian expression for a "brandy and soda," and appears on all the wine-cards; the origin or meaning being that each indulgence in this drink is another nail or peg in one's coffin. At this rate, I have a suspicion that

some of the youngsters' coffins will be composed of nothing but "pegs." There is a hotel and a dâk bungalow. The latter is a sort of government hotel, expressly for the use of travellers passing rapidly through the country. No one is entitled to stay in one more than forty-eight hours if it happens to be full, and a fresh traveller should want a room. You must take your own servant and bedding, but are provided with food, wine, spirits, &c., at prices fixed by the Commissioner. All charges are entered in a book, in which the traveller can write complaints if he has any. This book is inspected weekly by the Commissioner.

I much regretted that, during the first part of my visit to India, I knew nothing about the convenience of these dâk bungalows and always went to hotels, nearly all of which were very bad. Although they are kept by Europeans, the management is invariably entrusted to natives, who are very inattentive. In India, servants sleep outside their master's door.

Just at present the inhabitants are suffer-

ing dreadfully from fever. Europeans do not escape—indeed it is almost an epidemic.

Plenty of duck, teal, and snipe may be shot in the neighbourhood. At five minutes past eleven p.m., I got into the express train that left Calcutta at half-past eight and is to arrive at Bombay, one thousand four hundred and nine miles, at fifteen minutes past ten on Monday morning—sixty-one hours and three-quarters. The fare is a hundred and thirty-two rupees. The first class carriages are very comfortable, but exceedingly dusty at this time of year. Having made my bed, I spread my rizai and went to sleep.

*November 2nd.*—At forty minutes past seven a.m. we stopped at Mokameh for half-an-hour, and had a cup of tea; reached Dinapore at twenty-five minutes past ten, and were allowed twenty-five minutes for breakfast. Reached Mogul Serai at half-past three, and changed carriages. Arrived at Benares at four p.m., four hundred and sixty three miles from Calcutta. Went to Clark's Hotel, four miles from the

station on the other side of the Ganges, which we crossed by a bridge of boats.

Benares is the city specially devoted to the Hindu religion, and the fame of its marvellous temples is world-wide. These stretch along the banks of the Ganges for two miles, and the effect is most imposing from the water. Here all the great men come from time to time to be purged of their sins, much in the same way as Catholics make pilgrimages to Rome and other places. In consequence of the immense number of pilgrims, many of whom are men of great wealth, Benares is an exceedingly rich city. Silks and shawls are made here, and it is famous for gold embroidered cloths, and for its beautiful gold filagree work and brass work.

I believe there are something like fifteen hundred temples and three hundred mosques—they seem countless. The idols are still more in number, and everywhere in the streets you come across niches and shrines.

The Hindus are so devoted to idolatry, that not content with the innumerable idols here, both

men and women make themselves little clay figures, and, after having worshipped them with immense devotion, fling them away.

I was extremely amused by the monkeys in the Durga Kund. There are hundreds of them, all deified, but I regret to say the honour paid to them does not influence their manners, as they are as mischievous, troublesome, and thievish, as the rest of their species. They visit the neighbouring houses, and may be seen taking the air on the house-tops. Visitors to the temple buy grain to feed them with—as in the Zoo at home, one buys buns and nuts for their brethren. My guide told me that, regularly once a week, a band of monkeys residing at a little distance, comes and fights the Durga monkeys. Pitched battles ensue, and not unfrequently some of the combatants are left dead on the field.

*Sunday, November 3rd.*—Rose at six, got into a carriage and drove down to the river with my guide. Took a boat at the Dassa Sumed Ghât and was rowed up a mile or so. It is almost hopeless to attempt to describe the stately array

of palaces and temples that meet the eye one after the other. I have never seen anything else to compare with it. Massive flights of marble and stone steps descend to the water's edge; above them rise columns and arcades, towers, domes, minarets, and masses of masonry, the vastness of which one can hardly, without seeing, form any idea of. The two minarets are the finest in the world—they are a hundred and fifty feet high and only eight and a quarter feet in diameter.

Some years ago there was a volcanic disturbance, and many of the buildings have sunk several feet into the earth, and a good deal of masonry is displaced. I suppose it was really a mild form of earthquake, for the Sindhia Ghât, then in course of building, went down many feet, and is still sinking, and on one occasion a loud report like the discharge of a pistol was heard, and one temple was rent from the top to the bottom. I landed, and saw the Observatory called Man-Mandir—it is the most ancient building in Benares. Went up to the flat roof, where there are enormous astronomical instruments



made of stone. The first is the Mural Quadrant, which consists of a wall 11 feet high and 9 feet  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches broad, in the plane of the meridian. Then there are two large circles, one of stone and one of lime. There is also an enormous instrument called the Prince of Instruments, the wall of which is 36 feet in length, and slopes gradually upwards so as to point to the North Pole. As, however, I understand nothing of these matters, I will say very little about them.

I next made a visit to the Burning Ghât, where bodies are cremated, but nothing was going on there for the moment, and I only saw a few ashes. After my Japanese experience, I was not very keen about it. At the bottom of the flights of steps were little bathing places, where numbers of men were drying themselves and saying their prayers, after bathing in the sacred Ganges. I was rather surprised, at this juncture, to see something like a porpoise tumbling about in the water.

I should have mentioned that at the Burning Ghât, the bodies are not always entirely con-

sumed, but are thrown partly burnt into the river, where they are either finished by the crocodiles and fish, or, if washed ashore, eaten by dogs and vultures. This makes many Europeans averse from eating fish in India.

Then I visited the famous well, Manikarnika. It is here that all the pilgrims first flock, for the waters are supposed to have the efficacy of cleansing the bather from the foulest sins, even from murder. The water is filthy and fetid to a degree, and the stench unbearable. Tradition says this fluid is the perspiration of Vishnu; had I been told that it was composed of that of his followers, I should have had no hesitation in believing it.

As I walked through the crowded streets, the native police came round and cleared a passage for me, but I was much annoyed by numbers of men and boys, who insisted on following me under pretence of acting as guides, and then clamorously demanding "backsheesh."

The Golden Temple was the next object of my attentions—this is dedicated to Siva, the

reigning deity of Benares. I cannot enter into a description of this Divinity, suffice it to say, that it is of the same nature as the golden image set up by Nebuchadnezzar is supposed to have been. The worship consists in throwing on the stone, rice, flowers, &c., which are washed off again by a stream of Ganges water. This flows into a well called the "Well of Knowledge," surrounded by a fine colonnade with forty pillars. The well is putrid and filthy, but these attributes seem to charm the worshippers rather than otherwise. Near this is a large stone figure of a bull. The gilded tower of the temple presents a beautiful effect in the sun, as does an immense gilt dome adjacent. Both are covered with thin plates of gold, spread upon thick layers of copper.

Were I to dwell on the temples and mosques I visited, it would only involve wearisome repetition, so I will pass on to the shops. I went through whole streets devoted to brass work. Here numbers of men and boys were hammering away at trays, bowls, cups, dishes, little boxes,

&c., &c. No women were to be seen, a fact which impressed one disagreeably. I made some purchases in brass work, and returned to the hotel, tired out with my day's sight-seeing. Travellers should look after their guides, who do their best to cheat them in every way; first by over-charging, secondly by pretending to give four times as much as they really do in backsheesh to priests and beggars, and thirdly in importuning you to buy things, that they may get, what is called in China, a "squeeze," out of it.

At twenty minutes past five, p.m., I left Benares for Lucknow: the train was the slowest and worst I ever travelled in.

*November 4th.*—Arrived at Lucknow at six a.m., and went to Hill's Imperial Hotel, where I was thankful to refresh myself with a bath. Before breakfasting, I drove to the Residency, so long and bravely defended by our people during the fiercest heats of summer. The privations and miseries they suffered were only second to those of the unhappy victims of Cawnpore, but, thank God! with a different ending.

It is simply marvellous that two thousand English should have held this place for three months against fifty thousand rebels. It is still pretty much in the same state that it was in 1857. The buildings are covered with bullet marks, and here and there are great holes made by cannon-balls. All the buildings have commemoration tablets let into them relating to Sir Henry Lawrence, General Neill, and others. I went down into the cellars in which the wives and children of officers and non-commissioned officers lived during the siege.

Sir Henry Lawrence had great faith in the Sepoy regiments with him at Lucknow, and, as events proved, he was right. Nothing could have exceeded the loyalty and devotion of these men during the siege. Whilst Sir Henry was so ill that he had been prevailed upon to take two or three days rest, the chief of the Provisional Council took upon himself to disarm the Sepoy regiments, having obtained the consent of their commanding officers, and to send them home. But when Sir Henry heard


of this, remembering how faithful they had already proved themselves, he sent messengers after them, who (as Kaye says) "brought numbers of them, with smiling faces, back to their posts."

This was in June. Lawrence knew of the dreadful straits to which his fellow-countrymen at Cawnpore were reduced, and was broken-hearted when he got Wheeler's entreaty for help and could send him none. "May God Almighty defend Cawnpore," he said, "for we can give no aid."

At the end of the month he heard that the enemy were marching upon Lucknow in great force, and determined to go out to attack them. Unfortunately, this affair turned out very badly for us. We lost five guns and a great number of men without effecting any good; indeed, we suffered a severe defeat. The mutineers got into the town, occupied the houses in the most commanding positions, and day and night poured upon the Residency and the Mutchee-Bhawun an unceasing fire of musketry.

Sir Henry sent off a messenger to Havelock, telling him of the peril of the position, and asking for relief. He then determined to abandon the Mutchee-Bhawun, and concentrate his whole force in the Residency. But the difficulty was to know how to convey our people from one place to the other, since the enemy's fire commanded the ground between. The resolution and bravery of some of the officers, however, accomplished it in the night, without the loss of a man. Unfortunately, the commissariat stores, powder and ammunition, had to be left behind. Lieutenant Thomas laid the train as soon as our people reached the Residency, and blew the Mutchee-Bhawun into the air.

But the next day was a sad one for us. A shell came into the room where Lawrence was transacting business as he lay on his couch, burst, and gave him his death-wound. He lingered for two days, occasionally in dreadful pain, but he bore it like a hero, and his last moments were devoted to care and thought for others. He desired that on his tomb should be



engraved "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Then he said good-bye to his comrades, and died on the morning of July 4th.

At night "some European soldiers were sent to remove the remains of their late chief to a grave which had been prepared for him in a trench within the Residency grounds. They lifted up the coverlet and kissed him reverentially on the forehead, and then he was laid in the same grave with some men of his old regiment, who had been killed in the course of the day."\*

The siege raged on. Unfortunately, with the very best of motives, Lawrence, from a respect for the feeling of natives, had not allowed the mosques to be destroyed, and on the summit of these, skilled marksmen of the enemy took their place, and picked off every European whom they sighted.

"Into the work of defence," says Kaye, "our people, officers and men alike, flung themselves, with an amount of vigorous self-devotion seldom

\* Kaye.



paralleled. There was no duty to which officers, of whatever rank, did not apply themselves with cheerful alacrity; no labour, however arduous or revolting, from which they shrank; no danger to which they did not expose themselves. . . . They had to contend, too, with cholera, fever, small-pox, the plague of boils and flies, the stench of rotting carcases, and the fearful heat."

It was not only the men who showed so much courage and devotion. The women evinced equal heroism, and shrank from no duty, however menial, and never complained.

"How they comforted and consoled one another, how they tended the sick and wounded, how they soothed the last hours of the dying and carried help to those who needed it, has been gratefully recorded by men who survived those days of fiery trial."\*

Wonderful it seems that the besieged never lost hope. A letter had come from Colonel Tytler, saying that the relieving force might be expected about the 8th of August, but the

\* Kaye.

days passed, and it came not. Many letters had been sent from Lucknow without any answer returning. "But there was a man called 'Ungud,' a noted scout, who succeeded where others failed." This gallant old fellow was presented to the Prince of Wales on his visit to Lucknow.

On the 15th of August, Ungud brought in a letter dated the 4th, written on thin paper in minute characters, and rolled up in a quill, saying that relief was at hand. But it was not until the 22nd of September, after the poor garrison were reduced to the most fearful straits, that the relieving force was actually near. On that day Ungud brought a letter with the glad news that they had crossed the Ganges. "Ungud was the hero of the hour," for he had all but met his death in his dangerous work.

On the 25th "the glorious sight of our own people," writes Kaye, "fighting their way through the streets of Lucknow, sent such a thrill of joy through the garrison as perhaps had never been felt before." "The garrison's

long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense," (Kaye quotes from Wilson), "burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers from every trench, pit and battery. From every post still held by a few gallant spirits rose cheer upon cheer. Even from the hospital, many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout of welcome. It was a moment never to be forgotten." The women rushed frantically about, kissing even the hands of their gallant and sturdy deliverers.

Unhappily the heroic Neill, who made himself so famous at Allahabad, was shot down as he entered Lucknow at the head of his men. I went to see his grave and Lawrence's in the churchyard, and, later in the day, to the tomb of Sir Henry Havelock. Then I drove to the Martinière, once belonging to Claude Martin, a Frenchman. "A simple soldier who died a general," leaving an immense fortune to be applied to charitable uses "in the land where he gained it." Then to the Secunderbagh, where two thousand rebels were surrounded and killed to a man. They were

part of the force which had besieged the Residency.

I also visited the Dilkush Palace and the Mutchee-Bhawun, once a fort, and now a powder magazine.

Time would not allow me to remain longer in Lucknow, which I regretted, as I should gladly have devoted more time to the Residency. At twenty minutes past eight p.m. I left for Cawnpore. Here there are two railway stations. Unfortunately, I got out at the first by mistake. The rascally dâk-driver, instead of taking me to Lee's Railway Station Hotel, drove me to a small native inn, and I did not reach Lee's until after midnight. I went to bed at once, tired out, and, indeed, I know few greater or more fatiguing labours than that of constant sight-seeing.

*Tuesday, November 5th.*—This is a capital hotel, thoroughly well managed. Lee, the landlord, is a first-rate fellow, and invaluable as a guide to Cawnpore. He came with Sir Henry Havelock and the relieving party in

1857. So vividly did he describe everything which took place, that one seemed almost to see the harrowing sights as he spoke of them, and, often as he must have told the tale, he cannot even now refer to it without becoming intensely excited. No wonder !





## CHAPTER XI.

THE WELLS—WHEELER'S ENTRENCHMENT—THE NANA'S MESSAGE—TREACHERY—THE MASSACRE—BUTCHERY—HAVELOCK AND HIS MEN—AGRA—THE FORT—THE PALACE OF GLASS—THE TAJ—AKBAR'S TOMB—TOWARDS "THE FRONT"—"SIR SAM'S SWORD BELT"—JHELUM.



WE were up early, and Mr. Lee drove me to the Well near the barracks, where our people used to bury their dead at night. It is now a little graveyard, full of tombstones to the memory of various officers who fell near the spot, and is enclosed by an iron railing. We next went to the remains of the Well from which General Wheeler's force had to draw water.

Numbers of men and some women and children were shot down here by the mutineers as they attempted to get water.

We were now inside General Wheeler's entrenchment, marked out with white stones by the Prince of Wales's order. From this, we visited the fine Memorial Church close by. Returning to the carriage, we drove along the high road till we came to a bridge that crosses the ravine, along which the Europeans passed to meet, (many of them), their death in the boats. This river runs down to the Ganges, and at its mouth there is a landing-place and a building, part temple, part bathing-house, used by the Nana's women. This is called the Suttee Chowra Ghât (pronounced Gaut). It was here that Mr. Lee gave me his version of the events that happened at Cawnpore. For three weeks the besieged remained in their poor entrenchment, in which the only shelter for the women and children was a couple of bungalows. Every day the number decreased from the enemy's bullets and from fever. The most dangerous duty was the daily fetching of water. The Sepoys kept up a

hot fire night and day upon the Well, and so many men were killed going to and fro, that, at last, some of the soldiers' wives volunteered, with the idea that the Sepoys would not fire upon women. The wretches, however, never ceased their fire. It was then thought that children would, at least, move some compassion in them, but the poor little things who were sent were ruthlessly shot down, so nothing more of the sort was attempted, and the men went daily to their death again. After the bungalows were battered down by the enemy's fire, pits were dug in the ground for the women and children to get into. Then fever and small-pox broke out.

There is no doubt that the General should have chosen the powder-magazine as his place of defence, but still there were reasons against it, which he considered cogent. The entrenchment was thrown up in May, 1857. As a fortification, it was a very poor one. In it were two buildings, in which the women and children took refuge on the 22nd of the same month.

On the 4th of June the native troops mutinied, and on the 6th the rest of the English and such



natives as remained faithful took up their quarters in the entrenchment. On that very day the attack commenced, and was carried on without intermission. On the 13th, the buildings were burned down. About this time, as provisions were getting low, the native officers and men were either sent away or allowed to leave. On the 24th, nearly all the provisions were gone, and the little garrison was dreadfully thinned by the enemy's bullets and by disease.

The Nana, hearing to what straits the besieged were reduced, on Wednesday, June 24th, 1857, sent a woman to Sir Hugh Wheeler with a letter, saying, that if he and his men would lay down their arms, the whole party should have a safe passage by water to Allahabad. A Council of War was held, at which opinions varied considerably; many officers declaring it preferable to fight to the last man rather than to trust the word of a native. Others thought that surrender was the only way to save the lives of the women and children. Besides this, ammunition and provisions were falling short. It was finally determined to accept the Nana's terms. The

following day, the latter sent two of his officers to arrange for the evacuation of the entrenchment. They promised that the following morning a sufficient number of dâks and bullock-carts should be sent to carry the women, children, and baggage to the landing-place where boats should be in readiness. The morning arrived, but, to the consternation of our people, very few conveyances appeared, and they were told that no baggage could be taken. The officers at once suspected treachery, and several ladies declared they could not possibly leave without taking at least a few things. Eventually, however, they all started in a body, surrounded by masses of the rebel army. They were not reassured by finding the banks of the river swarming with natives. It appears that the Nana had sent criers through the town the previous night ordering all the population to go down and witness the massacre of the English. On arriving at the landing-place, native boats came alongside, and General Wheeler ordered the party to embark. At this juncture, the Nana's chief officer held up his hand, saying, " You

no longer command—your day is over. I am commanding officer.” At this, everyone’s heart sank, and they gave themselves up for lost. Still the boats were gradually filled, and floated down the river. According to Lee’s account, several of the younger women were kept back, though they were partially reassured by their male relatives being allowed to remain beside them. At length, all the boats were filled, but many of the party still remained on the steps.

No sooner had the boats been shoved off, than the whole of the native rowers jumped into the water, and returned to the shore. A bugle sounded, and a murderous fire was opened upon the boats. Great numbers of the occupants were killed—others drowned in trying to reach the shore; those who succeeded were instantly cut down. More fearful still, red-hot charcoal had been put amongst the straw-thatching of the boats, and now broke into a blaze, and many of the wounded were burnt to death. The Sepoys on shore continued their murderous fusillade, and bullets fell like hail upon the water. General Wheeler, who remained on shore, was cut down.

The banks of the river were covered with dead bodies, with bits of human flesh, and severed limbs, and the Ganges was dyed with blood. The survivors, (those who had previously been put aside), were marched back to the Savada House, where, in the course of the afternoon, they received a visit from the Nana.

God alone knows whether the fearful story of the fate of these hapless creatures related to me by Lee is true. It was evident that he believed it; at all events, it will not bear repeating here. Within the next four days many died.

On the 29th, other captives were brought in from Futteghur, and taken to the Assembly Rooms, where the Sepoys were ordered to shoot them. This they, at first, refused to do, but were eventually induced to fire a volley. They, however, fired so high that only two or three were wounded.

Then five butchers were sent for, and for the next hour fearful shrieks rent the air as these fiends continued their bloody work. When they came out, the shrieks had ceased, but groans were heard all night long. In the morning, the

bodies, some still breathing, were flung down the Well. Over this ghastly place a marble shrine now stands, and in the centre, at the base of the figure of an angel, these words are inscribed :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of a Great Company of Christian People,  
chiefly Women and Children, who were cruelly  
slaughtered here.”

In the meantime, Sir Henry Havelock was advancing by forced marches to the relief. According to Lee's account, this gallant band suffered intensely on the road from thirst, sometimes from hunger, from intense heat, and from dust. Their boots were worn out, and blood and matter oozed from their feet as they marched. Nothing but the thought of the straits to which their fellow-countrymen and women were reduced enabled them to keep on. Many of them implored to be allowed to fall out and die, but Sir Henry, who marched all the way on foot himself, encouraged them to persevere.

After fighting two successful battles at Futteh-

pore and Aong, he arrived at Cawnpore on the 16th, and defeated the rebels under the Nana; but it was not until the following morning that our soldiers learnt the fearful story of the massacre. Then followed a just retribution. The rebels, having been summarily tried and convicted, were shot, hanged, and blown from guns.

For a long time after the dreadful occurrences at Cawnpore, the most fearful stories were rife of the horrors committed by the Nana and his officers upon their unhappy victims, but these have since been contradicted. Lee told me that soldiers are not, as a rule, allowed to visit the Memorial, as, within the last few years, two young soldiers, having read and heard of the atrocities committed by the natives on this spot, went mad with rage and grief, and, secreting several rounds of ammunition, shot the first natives they came across. The first was hanged; the second was let off on the plea of insanity.

On leaving the Suttee Chowrah Ghât, we drove to the site of the Assembly Rooms, now razed to

the ground, the graveyard, and the Memorial over the Well. After this, I returned to the hotel, and left Cawnpore at twenty minutes to two p.m. Changed carriages at Toondla, and arrived at Agra at eleven p.m. A friend's carriage met me at the Station, and I drove at once to his house. Agra is eight hundred and forty-two miles from Calcutta.

*Wednesday, November 6th.*—Up early, and drove to the fort. We crossed the draw-bridge over a wide and deep moat, and passed through the Delhi Gate. The fort covers an immense area of ground; the walls, of red sandstone, are nearly 70 feet high, and about a mile and a-half round. On entering the gate, you walk up an inclined paved way to a large court-yard, about 400 feet square. On one side of this is an enormous hall, which contains the judgment-seat of Akbar, of pure white marble. Here there are three beautifully-sculptured chairs; the roof of the hall is supported by marble pillars. At one end of this used to stand the gates of Somnath, captured by Lord Ellenborough in the Afghan War, 12 feet high, made of sandal-

wood, and beautifully carved and inlaid. At the back of the throne is a door leading to the private Audience Hall. This is also of white marble, and wonderfully carved. Adjoining this is the Harem where the ladies used to live, and near this are the baths.

The residence of Jehangir, Akbar's son, is to the south of the Palace, and on the north of the private Audience Hall is the Pearl Mosque. This is small, but beautifully proportioned, and has three white marble domes with gilded spires. It was built by Shah Jehan in 1656. Then you come to the Monarch's Palace, overlooking the Jumna, and from the balconies in the Zenana you get a charming view of the gardens and palm-groves on the opposite bank, and of the Taj in the distance. The pavilions overhanging the river are of marble, inlaid with lapis lazuli, agate, cornelian, and blood stone, and have gilt domes. Then there is the palace of glass or bath-room, which Mr. Bayard Taylor describes as follows:—

“The most curious part of the palace is the Shîsh Mahal, or Palace of Glass, which is an



Oriental bath, the chambers and passages whereof are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs. The water fell, in a broad sheet, into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted from within. Mimic cascades tumbled from the walls, over slabs of veined marble, into basins so curiously carved that the motion of the water produced the appearance of fish. This bath must once have realised all the fabled splendours of Arabian story."

Near this is a Court paved with squares of black and white marble, in which Akbar and his wives used to play a kind of chess, with girls to take the place of ivory figures. They could, therefore, move themselves at command, instead of giving the player the trouble of changing them.

After breakfast I visited the Taj (pronounced Targe). It was built by Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his favourite wife, (said to have been a most beautiful woman), who died in giving birth to her eighth child. It took seventeen years to

build, and cost three millions of pounds. It was begun in 1630.

On the left-hand side of Shah Jehan's tomb is written :—

“The magnificent tomb of the King, inhabitant of the two Paradises, Rizwân and Khuld; the most sublime sitter on the throne in Illeeyn (the starry heaven), dweller in Firdos (Paradise), Shah Jehan Pâdishâh i-Gazee, peace to his remains, heaven is for him; his death took place the 26th day of Rajab, in the year 1076 of the Hijri (or 1665 A.D.). From this transitory world eternity has marched him off to the next.”

The inscription goes on to tell you how the workmen came from Persia, Turkey, Delhi, Cuttack, and the Punjaub, and of the pay they received. White marble was brought from Jeypore, black from Charkoh, yellow from the banks of the Nerbudda, crystal from China, jasper from the Punjaub, cornelian from Bagdad, turquoises from Thibet, agate from Yeman, lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral from Arabia, garnets from Bundelkund, diamonds from Pannah. Be-

sides these, were onyxes, chalcedony, amethysts, and sapphires. Unfortunately all the most precious stones have been picked out from time to time, principally, I am told, by soldiers quartered in the fort. It is still, however, very imposing and magnificent. The exterior, with its pure white marble domes, is the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

From the Taj I drove to Secundrah, where the great Akbar, grandfather to Shah Jehan, was buried. The tomb stands in a garden, and is approached by four gateways. From these, stone causeways converge upon the mausoleum. They are planted with orange, banana, and mango trees.

The mausoleum is square, and something like 1,200 feet in circumference. It is 100 feet high, and has five terraces, round each of which runs an arched gallery surmounted by cupolas. The platform on which the mausoleum stands is of white stone; the greater part of the building red; the top of white marble. On the summit stands a tomb, made of a single block of white marble, exquisitely sculptured, and carved with

the ninety-nine names of God in raised characters of Arabic. At the corners of the upper terrace are turrets, the domes of which are inlaid and gilded.

Descending into the interior of the mausoleum, you come to another tomb, beneath which the remains of Akbar lie. This tomb is plain, in the form of a sarcophagus, and has a wreath of flowers lying upon it.

Secundrah is eight miles from Agra. I greatly regretted that I had not time to visit the ruins of Futtehpoore Sikri, one of the great excursions from Agra. It is, however, twenty-three miles off, and I was in a violent hurry to get to the front. This was Akbar's favourite residence, and ought, I am told, to be seen by every traveller.

Agra, the city of the great Moguls, even now that so much of its beauty and magnificence is destroyed and ruined, gives one a true idea of Oriental splendour. The European feels struck dumb before such fabulous costliness and extravagance. It is related that Shah Jehan intended to have the verandah of one of the galleries (which is

of gold and azure) covered with a trellis of rubies and emeralds, to imitate green grapes and those turning red. For a wonder, this design was relinquished as being too costly. I saw many more mosques and temples, all very fine and interesting.

*Thursday, 7th.*—Left at a quarter to seven for Lahore; changed carriages at Toondla; breakfasted at Allyghur; lunched at Gaziabad; and dined at Saharunpoor. All the railway stations are crowded with officers and men going up to the front, in excellent spirits, and very anxious to fight.

It would strike the European traveller as singular to see everyone carrying his bedding with him, as is the universal custom here. The railway carriages are very roomy, so there is no difficulty about stowing away your effects. The platforms of the large stations reminded me very much of Waterloo on a Sunday night, or more still of Euston on the 10th of August, except that here, instead of servants in charge of dogs and gun-cases, we have natives carrying their masters' bedding, swords, saddles, &c. I was particularly



struck by the very practical dress of our officers belonging to native cavalry regiments—boots and breeches, Norfolk jackets, and the usual Indian helmet. Their scabbards were of wood, covered with donkey-hide, and they all wore what is called “Sir Sam Browne’s sword-belt,” made of brown leather. The sword is placed in a frog, (a leather sheath similar to that used by our men for their bayonets), instead of hanging from slings, and rattling against your legs. The pistol-holster is fastened on the *right* side, which is the proper place for it. Our gun-makers stupidly make all their revolver-holsters on the left side. To prevent too much weight resting on the hips, (as the carrying of a regulation sword, a full-sized revolver, and an ammunition pouch would entail), there is an extra strap, acting like a brace, attached to one side of the waist-belt, and crossing the opposite shoulder. This is a capital invention, and I was so much struck by it that I have recommended it, as well as the scabbard, to all my friends who are just off to the Cape, and several of them have adopted it. As far as I know, these sword-belts are only

made in London by Garden, of Piccadilly. I saw some of the latter's bridles here; the reins and nearly all the straps have a lining of pliable steel, or some other metal, which can not be cut through by a sword or knife. I am told some of the officers, among whom are many excellent swordsmen, wear a kind of fine chain armour outside their gauntlets, and have strips of the same sewn inside their tunics, over the shoulders and down the arms, also inside the stripes of their over-alls, affording protection from sabrecuts.

*November 8th.*—Passed last night in the train, and very cold it was, in spite of my rizai and blankets. We had an early breakfast at Umritsur, and reached Lahore at nine o'clock. Went to Clarke's Hotel, but heard afterwards that the "Victoria" is better. There is little to be seen here but the large military cantonment of Meean Meer.

I left the greater part of my baggage here, in order not to have any unnecessary impediment on my journey to Afghanistan.

*November 9th.*—Left Lahore at eight a.m., and

arrived at Jhelum at four p.m., and went to the Dâk Bungalow, where I secured the only vacant room. At the present time, Jhelum is the terminus of the railway.







## CHAPTER XII.

TELEGRAPHIC ARRANGEMENTS—CROWS, HAWKS, VULTURES—  
THE DRIVE TO RAWUL PINDEE—THE CAMP—RIDE TO  
PESHAWUR—AT MAJOR CAVAGNARI'S—THE GHOORKAS—RE-  
TURN TO LAHORE—GOLDEN TEMPLE AT UMBITSUR—DELHI  
—BUYING BANGLES—THE CITADEL—AKBAR'S AUDIENCE HALL  
—THE PEACOCK THRONE—BOMBAY DUCKS—INDIAN VEGE-  
TABLES.



THE platform at the Jhelum Station is covered with commissariat stores. Numbers of officers are hanging about, eagerly waiting for conveyances to take them to the front. Wishing to send a telegram to Kohat, I inquired of a staff officer where the office was, to which

he replied that it was useless my going, as it closed at five, and that even he, if he had to send on Her Majesty's Service, had to pay double. I then remarked that I would send mine next day (Sunday), but he told me it would only be open one hour in the morning and one in the evening. *And this on the verge of a campaign!*

However, I proceeded to the office, and, having made some rather strong remarks, my telegram was forwarded, although it was after five. I dined *al fresco* outside the bungalow with some staff officers and others, all, like myself, waiting for conveyances.

Our movements were watched with interest by a body of the most impudent crows I ever met with. They observed us from the neighbouring trees, and the moment the servants removed our plates, made a dash for the pickings. Occasionally, a large hawk would pounce upon a tit-bit that his keen eye had spotted in the distance, and then there would be a tremendous jabber of wrath and disgust from the crows.

Large hawks and kites abound in India. They seem very tame, and no one shoots them for they are very useful as scavengers, and carry out this work to perfection. On some roads I saw vultures feeding on dead camels and horses. Some of them were so gorged that they were unable to move. The minar is also a very common bird in India: its habits and manners put me a good deal in mind of those of a jackdaw.

I was not a little surprised to find that, although the dâks or carriages are in military hands, civilians are allowed to engage them. I hear that some officers have actually gone up in bullock-carts, and that nearly all their baggage travels in this way. It is a thousand pities that the railway is not finished to Rawul Pindee. It is about half made, but, instead of the work being pushed rapidly on, I only saw a few men and boys at work, and they seemed to sleep away half their time. The distance from Jhelum to Rawul Pindee is only sixty-eight miles.

*Sunday, November 10th.*—Wandered about all

day with nothing to do. Inspected the camels, mules, and oxen engaged in taking up stores.

*Monday, 11th.*—To my great delight, I heard that I could start after breakfast with an officer if I left my baggage behind. We left at twenty minutes to twelve a.m. in a dāk, and reached Rawul Pindee at nine p.m.

The stages are five miles distant from each other, and we did each stage in twenty-five minutes. Five minutes was allowed for changing horses. At times we were delayed by their refusing to start.

In comparison with stage travelling in the Far West, our journey was a delightful one, though the sand and dust were anything but pleasant, and the country very uninteresting. It looked to me as though once upon a time there had been an earthquake that had cracked and broken up all the surface of the earth. There was little but scrub, with here and there a tree. The grass had been eaten by the camels on their journey up, and most of the bushes nibbled away. We passed strings of horses belonging to officers, and so good and trustworthy are the native

syces, or grooms, that they never dream of mounting one of their master's animals, but lead them all the way.

On reaching Rawul Pindée, I found the Dâk Bungalow full, so, wrapping myself in my cloak, I passed the night in the dâk. I was lucky enough to secure a place in the mail-cart going to Kohat, and started at half-past five a.m., Tuesday morning. The mail cart is a very heavy, covered two-wheeled cart, drawn by three horses abreast; it is low, with seats back to back. The road was fearfully dusty, and very bad in places. The country is quite barren, and put me in mind of the American plains.

We stopped twenty minutes at Jung for tiffin. I had to leave my servant behind at Rawul Pindée to await my return. Kohat is a hundred and two miles from the latter place. We arrived at nine p.m.

I at once went to General Roberts's headquarters. He and his staff were at dinner, and I was not sorry to join them after my long drive. Dinner over, we went to the camp of the 72nd Highlanders. We found them and the men of

a native regiment in a circle round a huge camp fire. The Highlanders were indulging in national dances, the sword dance, &c. The natives, also, gave us a performance after their kind. Songs were sung, and it was late before we got to bed. The Commissioner kindly took me in.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—Spent all day in walking round the camp, and looking at the men. I was much pleased with the native troops, who are very fine men, and eager to fight. Lunched and read the papers at the Garrison Mess, a sort of club-house.

*Thursday, 14th.*—Left Kohat at half-past six a.m., with two officers and two troopers, and rode through the Kotal to Mutunni, changing horses half way. The Pass is over high mountains, through a territory which does not belong to us. For the right of way, Government pays an annual sum. Occasionally, travellers without an escort are attacked and robbed of their horses. The road in places is very bad, but might easily be made good enough for a mail-cart. Small forts and towers dot the hills and valleys in all directions. It appears that the families who live

in these regions are perpetually quarrelling and fighting with each other, and no man ever stirs outside his door without sword and matchlock. At Mutunni, twenty miles from Kohat, we lunched at the Dâk Bungalow. I had written on for a dog-cart, which met me here, and took me over a very fair road to Peshawur, distant eighteen miles. Sir Samuel Browne was commanding, and very kindly put me up. I had letters to Major Cavagnari, but he was away. The General, however, insisted on entertaining me in the Major's house, where he was staying. In the afternoon, I rode with him round the various camps, and saw the mouth of the Khyber Pass in the distance. At night the enemy's watch-fires are plainly visible.

In Major Cavagnari's house were some exquisite marble busts which have lately been dug up in the neighbourhood, and are supposed to have been here since the time of Alexander the Great. The expression of the faces is marvellous.

It is thought the advance will take place on the 21st, as here no answer to the Viceroy's

letter is expected, and, in case of none arriving, a telegram from London will at once set the troops in motion.

*Friday, 15th.*—Lunched with the Rifle Brigade, and everyone is very cheery and longing to advance. Then I visited the camp of the Ghoorkas close by. They are wonderfully smart little fellows, and seem devoted to the Rifle Brigade, and wear a very similar uniform. Each carries a curious shaped curved knife in his belt, and, I am told, does great execution with it when at close quarters. They average about five feet in height, and are very wiry.

I was greatly surprised to find many officers without revolvers, and some even who possessed them had no ammunition. We heard that every revolver in Calcutta had been bought up, so, as I happened to have a couple with me, I left them with two of my friends.

The troops here are dressed in “khaki” (a Persian word, which means dust). It is a kind of strong brown holland, and appears to me to be made of flax. It is very cool, and, being of a neutral tint, is a capital colour to fight in. I



saw the 81st on parade wearing it, and looking remarkably well.

I should like very much to stay and see what happens, but am due at Bombay the end of the month, and must see Delhi and other places on the way. Bidding good-bye to my friends, I left Peshawur in the mail-cart at half-past six p.m., and arrived at Rawul Pindie at nine next morning, the 17th, a hundred and two miles distant. If time had permitted, I should have gone for the day to Murree, a pretty hill station, thirty miles from this.

Here I picked up my servant again, and went by dâk to Jhelum; arrived there at a quarter to eight p.m., and dined at the Dâk Bungalow. Here I found some of my friends whom I left a week ago, still waiting for conveyances to take them to the front. After dinner, I started by the twenty minutes to ten train for Lahore, which I reached at seven the following morning, the 18th. Breakfasted at the Station, and left at nine for Umritsur, where I arrived at half-past eleven. Here I visited the Golden Temple, the only place in India where I was asked to

remove my boots. Boys were waiting about the entrance-gate with rush slippers for sale. I donned a pair, and went inside. It is a large, square building, and stands in the centre of a piece of water called the Pool of Immortality, supposed, like the one at Benares, to possess the property of cleansing the bather from sin. It is not likely to purify them otherwise, as it is extremely dirty, probably because thousands of natives bathe in it. There is a prodigious quantity of gold about the temple, and the effect is extremely gorgeous. The inside is partitioned off into rooms, painted in brilliant colours, and adorned with gold, being furthermore enriched by stained glass windows.

I then climbed the Tower near, and had a view of the city, but it hardly repaid me for the trouble. Umritsur is a walled city, the holy city of the Sikhs, and is principally celebrated for the manufacture of Cashmere shawls.

The hotel is, as usual, managed, or rather mismanaged, by a native, and is an exceedingly indifferent one. I left at twenty-five minutes past eight p.m., and passed the night in the train.

At half-past four a.m., we passed Umballa, the nearest railway station to Simla. There are three or four hotels and a Dâk Bungalow here. Government dâks and hack garries run as far as Kalka, thirty-seven miles; horses are changed eight times. The remainder of the journey (forty-one miles) is done in a tonga, a mountain carriage, drawn by three horses abreast, or on a saddle-pony called a jhampan. Ponies are changed four times, and the journey is performed in six hours. Most people take two days to reach Simla. The best hotels, both at Kalka and Simla, are kept by Lowrie.

*Tuesday, November 19th.*—Arrived at Delhi at one p.m., and went to the Dâk Bungalow, a very good one; but I was pestered to death by native merchants, who insisted on coming into my room with their wares, and, in the absence of my servant, I had continually to get up and turn them out. Words made no impression upon them; they continued to stand in the doorway in a beseeching attitude, and would not be induced to leave until forcibly ejected. So great was this nuisance, that, before leaving, I wrote a com-

plaint in the book. As the bungalows have only one story, and the doors open from the outside, anyone can intrude at pleasure, and the heat was so great as to render it impossible to keep the door shut.

Delhi is a charming city. The roads are excellent, the gardens beautifully laid out, and there is a club called "The Institute," where men and ladies meet in the afternoon to drink tea and chat.

Delhi is enclosed by a wall of red granite, with battlements and turrets, and is five miles and a-half round. It has twelve gates.

Palace building was evidently a favourite hobby of Indian potentates. If one sovereign had erected a magnificent palace, his successor was not happy until he had surpassed it. This accounts for the immense number to be found within an area of a few miles round Delhi. The present or modern Delhi, as it is called, was built by the same Shah Jehan who built the Taj.

The principal street is the Chandi Chowk, a mile long and a hundred and twenty feet

broad. It is here the silversmiths live. Delhi, as everyone knows, is noted for its artificers in silver and gold. Here the traveller should make his purchases. Wares are not exposed to view as in Europe. There are no windows to the shops, but they are open to the street, and you see men sitting cross-legged, engaged in hammering and engraving the precious metals. The way you buy silver-ware is as follows. The article or ornament is placed in a scale, and in the other side you shovel in rupees until the scales balance. Then you count the coins, and, according to the workmanship, you pay from four to eight or more annas to every rupee for the labour. For a plain bangle four annas. All the gold and silver ornaments are kept carefully put away in boxes, and are only produced when the customer arrives. You are immediately given a chair. A white cloth is spread upon the ground, and six or eight men seat themselves round you, and begin to unpack their boxes. Then the bargaining commences, as the vendors always try to make out that the workmanship is worth more than is really the

case. After all, the silver and gold work is very cheap, and I was sorry afterwards that I had not bought more.

Although Benarsi is very honest, he is always anxious to know, when he is not with me, where I buy things, and what I give for them, and tells me he is entitled to a percentage, and that the shopkeepers are bound to give it to him. He did not, however, get much out of them on my account. In China this is called a "squeeze," and I invariably found, when shopping there, that the native guide, or servant, was given some money on leaving by the shopkeeper. I have sometimes known them run back to the shop, in order that I might not see what passed. The squeeze is well understood in India, Egypt, and no doubt nearer home.

Cashmere shawls and silks are sold here.

Delhi is a great place for Turkish baths. You may have the privilege of being shampooed by dark members of the fair sex, if you desire it.

In the Chandi Chowk is the Kotwale, where

many of the rebels were executed after the city was taken. And at the adjacent mosque, it is related that Nadir Shah, the Persian, sat in 1738, and ordered the massacre of a hundred thousand Delhi people.

There is another large street in which stands the arsenal, part of which was blown up by Lieutenant Willoughby in '57, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands.

I went first to see the Palace, or Citadel. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Jumna. Three sides of it are enclosed by red walls 40 ft. high, with, every here and there, turrets and cupolas. On entering, you come to the Audience Hall, in which is the throne, raised considerably from the ground, and covered by a canopy. The throne is supported by white marble pillars inlaid with mosaic work, and behind it is a door leading to the Emperor's private apartments. The whole of the wall near the throne is covered with mosaics, representing flowers, birds, fruit, and animals; but unfortunately most of the stones have been picked out. One can, however,

form an idea of how beautiful it must have been.

Here, in olden days, the Emperor used to sit on his throne, with his sons beside him, and attended by eunuchs with peacock fans, who kept the flies from settling on the Great Mogul's nose. Below him, on a raised platform with silver rails, (I read), the rajahs and ambassadors used to stand, their eyes humbly bent on the ground, and hands crossed over their stomachs. Further off was a great crowd of all sorts of people. Those having petitions would hold them aloft in the distance, and the Emperor would command them to be brought to him. Occasionally he would desire the petitioner to approach, and would then and there order justice to be done.

Near this, as at Agra, is the Private Audience Hall, a square pavilion of highly-polished marble. One side looks over the palace gardens, another across the river. The ceiling was once entirely covered with gold and silver filigree work. In the centre of the hall stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, which Nadir Shah afterwards



carried away. It was estimated by Tavernier, a French jeweller, as being worth £6,000,000. The ceiling, valued at £170,000, was melted down, and taken as spoil by the Mahrattahs. I will give a written description I saw of the throne, which reads almost like a fairy-tale.

“The Peacock Throne had the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours as to represent life. The throne itself was 6 ft. long by 4 ft. broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot, of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald (?). On either side of the throne stood an umbrella, one of the oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of

crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were 8 ft. high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds."

Near this private Audience Hall are the Hamâms, (royal baths), which are large marble rooms covered with domes. In the centre of each room is a marble bath, or hollow, cut in the floor, and the walls are of marble, beautifully inlaid. Next I visited the Pearl Mosque.

From here, I went to Jâmi Musjid, situated on an elevation overlooking the city. This is considered one of the most beautiful mosques in the East. As I fancy, however, that the reader will get very much bored with descriptions of palaces and temples, I will say very little about it. It was a repetition of marble, gold, and carving, to which my eyes were, by this time, getting as much accustomed as to the stucco and bricks of my native land. The mosque is flanked by two minarets of red sandstone and white marble, 130 feet high.

In the evening, I dined with the Commissioner. One of his guests gave me a most interesting account of the siege, and kindly offered to take

me round the following day and point out the different places of interest.

Our dinner was a very good one. In India, it is the universal custom to eat off hot water plates at every meal, whether at a private house, hotel, or Dâk Bungalow. It is a capital plan, as the best dinner in the world is not worth eating in a lukewarm state. The dinner was very much like an English one. We had fish, but, as I have before mentioned, my countrymen are very chary of eating it, believing that it is fed and fattened on the dead bodies thrown into the rivers. I highly appreciate the curry served at every meal. It is utterly different from the abomination frequently sent to table in its name in England, and I do not think any English person, who has not been in India, has any idea what rice is, or ought to be, when boiled. Here, "Bombay Ducks" are always served with curry. These are small dried fish of a peculiar flavour, and are quite dry and crisp. I have seen them in England, but not properly cooked. I took the opportunity of having a lesson how to cook them on board ship coming home.

I never saw pork during my stay in India. A great dish is buffalo hump which is excellent. The beef and mutton were poor. Fowls play a very large part in Indian cuisine. Snipe are abundant—indeed, ever since I reached Yokohama, these excellent little birds have formed part of my daily food, except on board ship.

I have made acquaintance with many fresh vegetables—one of a glutinous nature called bandikai, I thought very good; and still better is the brinjāl, or egg plant, which is served in slices, covered (I think) with batter, and reminds one of apple-fritters.





## CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIDGE—ANXIETIES OF THE COMMAND—MURDER OF  
FRASER AND DOUGLAS—MORE MURDERS—THE GREAT MAGA-  
ZINE—THE NINE—THE RIDGE REGAINED—BARNARD'S DEATH  
—JOHN NICHOLSON—BRINGING UP THE GUNS—THE ATTACK  
—THE CASHMERE GATE—OUR LOSSES—DELHI RETAKEN—  
THE MEMORIAL COLUMN.

**T**HE following morning we drove to the Ridge, where from May to September, the British Force waited its opportunity to recover the city of Delhi from the mutineers. The Ridge is a high plateau of ground, commanding a beautiful view of the city with its mosques and minarets; the broad blue Jumna,

and the masses of green groves and gardens surrounding stately houses.

On the right of the position occupied by our troops, is Hindu Rao's house; invaluable, at the time of the siege, as an advanced post and shelter for our men; now a convalescent dépôt.

Few places could have a more intense interest for an Englishman than Delhi; the scene of so much suffering and so much heroism on the part of our soldiers. Standing on the Ridge which they occupied for all those weary months, subject to frequent assaults, and under the burning rays of an Indian sun, it is wonderful and admirable to think that they did not once lose heart, but despite wearying delays, overwhelming odds, and severe sickness, never for an instant feared for the result. It had been supposed that the retaking of Delhi would be a mere nothing—the work of one day—but little did those who held this opinion know of the actual circumstances of the case. Generals Anson and Barnard, died worn out and broken-hearted with the anxieties of the command; Reed broke down and was

forced to resign; and Wilson, who commanded when Delhi was taken, was overcome by fatigue and anxiety. So intolerable was the responsibility, that all these men became afflicted with insomnia, and could scarcely ever rest. And this fearful anxiety lasted from May to September 20th, when Delhi was finally taken.

On the 11th of May, the revolted troopers of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry rode into Delhi and clamoured for admittance to the King's Palace, declaring that they had killed the English and had come to fight for the Faith. The old King, terrified, sent for Captain Douglas, who commanded the Palace Guard. Douglas said he would go and speak to the troopers, but the King implored him not to attempt it. Douglas, however, addressed them from a balcony, but in vain—they made their way under the palace walls to the Rajghat Gate, which was opened for them by Mahomedans. They cut down every European they could find, and rushed in, proclaiming death to the Feringhees.

The citizens shut their shops, and the rabble

followed the mutineers. Fraser and Douglas appealed to the Sepoys—in vain. They at once fraternised with the troopers. The two Englishmen drove to the Civil Guard House, where they were joined by others. Fraser shot the foremost trooper dead and the mass fell back. Then Fraser got into his buggy and drove to the Lahore Gate of the Palace. Douglas flung himself into the ditch of the fort, and though dreadfully injured, crawled towards the Palace, and was carried inside. At the foot of the staircase, Fraser tried to make himself heard by the crowd, when a man sprang forward, cut him down, and the others finished him with their swords. Then they rushed upstairs and murdered Douglas who lay there, Jennings, the English Chaplain, his daughter, and another young lady. Whilst this went on in the Palace, similar atrocities were being committed in the city. Everyone in the Delhi Bank was murdered, after a gallant resistance. Then the Christian compositors of the Delhi press perished, and every Christian the mutineers could lay hands on fell by the sword.



When the news reached the cantonment on the Ridge, Colonel Ripley marched down with the 54th Native Infantry. The treacherous ruffians, arrived at the Cashmere Gate, refused to fire; turned on their Colonel and backed him and the other English officers to pieces.

Presently on the Ridge was heard the sound of a tremendous explosion. All knew that it was the great Magazine, and whilst they were speculating about it, two artillery subalterns, with faces blackened, and almost unrecognisable, came to tell the tale.

The Magazine was in charge of Lieutenant George Willoughby, with eight other men, when news was brought him of the mutineers having got into the town. At once they closed and barricaded the gates, and brought out guns loaded with double charges of grape. Then a train was laid from the powder-magazine in order to blow it up, as a last resource, if they could no longer defend it. It was surrounded, and the enemy began to swarm over the walls. Round after round of grape-shot was poured upon them, but still they advanced. The nine

held their ground, hoping in vain that aid would come, till all their available ammunition was gone, and further defence was hopeless. The mutineers were now forcing their way through an unprotected spot, and the nine made up their minds to die. The signal was given, Scully fired the train; the Magazine was blown up. Four of the nine escaped by a miracle—Willoughby, Forrest, Raynor, and Buckley—the other five were never seen again. Hundreds of mutineers perished.


Some of our women and children, who had taken refuge in the flag-staff tower, were saved after superhuman efforts, and got to the cantonment, or Metcalfe House. But, at the cantonment, the Sepoys had mutinied, and the poor fugitives had to escape from this place of refuge also. The story of their privations and sufferings is heart-rending. On the 16th, fifty of our men, women, and children were murdered in Delhi, and their bodies thrown into the Jumna.

Towards the end of the month, a British force was marching from Umballa upon Delhi.

The mutineers came out to give them battle, but though the former fought with considerable determination, they were thoroughly beaten, and fled back to Delhi. They returned, however, to the charge, and were again defeated. It was a blazing day; our men suffered agonies of thirst: numbers died of sunstroke and exhaustion. After the encounter, the gallant little Ghoorkas, who rendered invaluable service all through the campaign, arrived to join them.

On the 8th of June, after hard fighting, the British troops won their position, (a splendid one, commanding the town) on the Ridge, and once more our flag floated in the breeze in sight of Delhi.

Barnard brought with him some three thousand European soldiers and twenty-two field guns, the gallant Ghoorkas and the Guide Corps, who were staunch as steel, and some native corps whose fidelity was doubtful. The garrison of Delhi was to be reckoned by tens of thousands, and their guns were countless; their supply of ammunition inexhaustible. They had



24-pounders in every gate and bastion, and their gunners had been *taught and trained by us.*

At first we proposed taking the town by a *coup-de-main*, but after repeated discussions and proposals of new plans, the idea was relinquished. What were two thousand bayonets dispersed over an immense city like Delhi, swarming with the enemy, every window in the place being a loop-hole for a rifle! If we took it, how could we hold it?

Sortie after sortie, attack after attack the mutineers made upon us, always choosing the hottest hours of the hottest days, knowing of old how sorely the heat tried Europeans. The worst of it was that they so enormously out-matched us in artillery. We had a magnificent position, but they had the guns.

So the days wore to weeks and the weeks to months, and our men began to chafe furiously though they never lost heart. Poor Barnard was out in the sun all day, but at night he could get no sleep for his unceasing anxiety. On the 5th of July he died, stricken down by

cholera, his shattered health unable to resist that dreadful scourge. General Reed succeeded him, but on the 17th gave up the command to General Wilson, incapable of enduring, in his enfeebled state of health, the strain on his nerves.

All through this dreadful time, however, our men kept up their spirits, and, when they were not fighting, played cricket and had pony races, and amused themselves as best they could.

At last the hero, John Nicholson, came to join the Delhi force at the head of the moveable column, fighting his way as he came. He arrived on the 7th of August, and great was the joy with which he was received. He was a splendid man to look at, they say. His appearance alone was enough to fill troops with confidence. But they were still waiting for the siege-train before they could commence the attack on Delhi. We could not afford to be beaten now. The rebel force heard that the siege-train was coming, and went out to intercept it. Nicholson marched after them, in high glee at the prospect of cutting them to

pieces. The Sepoys fought well, but we fought better, and they fled, leaving thirteen guns and eight hundred dead behind them.

At the beginning of September, we were nearly ready to commence the assault. I have no time to dwell on details, nor to relate the bravery and personal gallantry shown by our troops. Anyone who wants to know more on this deeply-interesting subject should read Kaye's account.

On the 4th, elephants, drawing the siege guns, came on to the Ridge, with an immense number of carts laden with ammunition. Wilson, not without misgivings, issued the address to the army, and gave the order for attack. We were then scarcely a third of the number of the enemy. The front to be attacked contained the Moree, Cashmere, and Water bastions, which we ourselves, in bygone days, had done our best to strengthen.

The first battery was traced out on the evening of the 7th, and the Artillery and Engineers worked night and day. Under the hottest fire from the enemy, the guns were

dragged into position, though many of our men fell in the attempt. At eight o'clock on the 12th, our batteries opened fire at the same moment, amidst a ringing cheer from the Artillery. Then the walls of Delhi began to crumble to pieces, and the parapets to tumble by yards at a time into the ditch.

The 14th was fixed for the attack, and John Nicholson was proclaimed, by the whole camp, to be the man to lead the storming column. It is said that the one thought prominent in his mind was of the dying words that his chief, Lawrence, wished to have written on his tomb, that he "tried to do his duty."

The force was divided into four columns; the first one commanded by Brigadier-General Nicholson. This was to storm the Cashmere Gate. The second column was ordered to the Water Bastion; the third to assault the Cashmere Gate; the fourth to the Lahore Gate.

At daybreak the whole force, except Reid's column, was assembled at Ludlow Castle.

That was a day to be remembered in the

annals of warfare. Despite the scathing fire of the enemy, and our men falling at every step; despite the fearful difficulties of the escalade, on they poured; the first column carrying the breach by the Cashmere Bastion, and taking up their position on the main-guard. At the Moree Bastion, the rebel gunners made a bold resistance, but our infantry went in amongst them, and flung them into the ditch.

The greatest difficulty was at the Lahore Gate, where the enemy kept up a fierce fire on our men. Nicholson resolved to take it. The position was a horrid one. The men were gathered in a narrow lane, where they were being fired upon from both sides, and were dropping thick as hail. They were like men caught in a trap, and hardly knew what to do. Nicholson saw the state of affairs, and, raising his sword over his head, rushed to the front, calling on his men to follow him. A shot directed at him from some unknown quarter brought him down. He felt he had got his



death-wound, but he begged they would not carry him back to camp till Delhi was secured. As Kaye says, "It was not a single life the marksman took; it was the life of the whole army." He lingered for a week, and the surgeons believed that he might have recovered, but for the excessive anxiety and irritation of his mind. He grieved dreadfully because his brother was brought into camp with a shattered arm which had to be amputated.

The story of the explosion of the Cashmere Gate is almost too well known to need relating here. The third column, as will be remembered, was to enter at this point, and a party of Engineers was told off to blow in the gate with powder bags, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith.

Home and his bugler were first in the ditch, but the design of the exploding party was perceived by the enemy, and a volley of musketry was poured upon them. Home planted his bag; as Carmichael advanced with his, he was shot down. Smith rushed forward to place the poor fellow's

bag and his own, and Salkeld stood ready with the slow match, but was shot in the act of lighting it. Falling, he held out the match to Smith. Burgess took the match, but could not ignite the charge. Smith was handing him the matches, when Burgess was shot through the body. Smith thought he was alone, but, sliding down the ditch in the fog and smoke, put his hand on some one, and found it was Lieutenant Home, unhurt. They went together to look after their wounded comrades, but Smith begged Home to go forward, which he did. Burgess died, and Salkeld lingered but a few days. Home was killed a week or two after, and Smith and the bugler, Hawthorne, remained the only survivors; all were given the Victoria Cross. But the Cashmere Gate was taken, and the column moved on to the Chandi Chowk, and seized the Kotwale.

The enemy fought well, as beseemed the men whom we had trained, but the victory was likely to be with us, though at a terrible cost. The result of that morning's work was that sixty European officers and eleven hundred men were

killed or disabled. And, after all, Delhi was not yet ours. The worst of it was that our men, worn out with fatigue, and longing, after their privations on the Ridge, for a carouse, got into the wine shops, disdaining all the treasures of gold, silver, and jewels, and proceeded to intoxicate themselves. Seeing this, the General reluctantly ordered the destruction of all wine, spirits, and beer, and the streets ran with it, when it would have been everything to the hospitals. But it was the only thing to be done. All the next day the men were fit for little, and nothing was attempted. But the following day they pulled themselves together, and went to work with a will. The Lahore Gate, however, and the public buildings still belonged to the enemy, and it was hard work to dislodge them. Not till the 19th were the Lahore Bastion and Gate taken.

On the 20th, the capture of the defensive works of Delhi was complete, and then there was a general rush for the Palace. The British standard was hoisted upon it, and not a soul inside was left alive. That night saw a British party

dining in the Elysium of the Dewan-Khas.

The population of Delhi had fled, and our men had the town nearly to themselves. Those, however, who did remain, (the men), were ruthlessly bayoneted, for our soldiers were maddened by the recollection of the atrocities committed upon our people; but the women and children they treated with the utmost kindness, and, indeed, saw them safely out of the city.

Then the plundering began, and the Sikhs carried off everything they could lay their hands on, being much more expert at looting than our Europeans, who probably had as good a will.

So the reader will understand that everything about Delhi being connected more or less with the siege, makes it a place of intense interest to a British soldier; and, though he may be very much struck with its magnificent buildings and tombs, he is likely to think a good deal more about the events that went on there in '57. Part of my information was obtained from my

companion, and part from Kaye's book before alluded to. On the Ridge is the Memorial Column, 110 feet high, erected to the officers and men who fell at the siege of Delhi.





## CHAPTER XIV.

THE KUTUB MINAR—HODSON, OF HODSON'S HORSE—TAKING  
THE KING AND PRINCES OF DELHI—DEATH FROM "SIGH-  
ING"—JEHANARA'S TOMB—LEGEND OF THE IRON PILLAR—  
A TREMENDOUS PLUNGE—THE METCALFE HOUSE—AN IN-  
GENIOUS DEVICE—JEYPORE—ITS PICTURESQUENESS—THE  
RAJAH.



**T**HURSDAY, November 21.—Imme-  
diately after breakfast, I started  
in a carriage to see the Kutub  
Minar and ruins, eleven miles dis-  
tant. Driving out of the Delhi gate, we presently  
came to the Lat. This is a pillar of red sand-  
stone, in a single piece, 40 feet high, and 10  
round the base. It is set in the roof of a ruined

building, and covered with inscriptions setting forth laws for the promoting of religion and virtue. It is two thousand, two hundred years old, and is believed to be the oldest writing in India.

From here I drove to the Kila Kana Mosque, a very handsome building inside the Fort. It is of red sand-stone, inlaid with slate and coloured marbles, and has a balcony round it, supported by beautifully-designed brackets. It has, as usual, three domes, the middle one being very lofty.

Next I went to the Shir Mandal, a three-storied building, of an octagon shape, used by one of the Emperors as a library, and containing beautiful enamels and mosaics.

Then on to the tomb of the Emperor Humâ-yoon. This stands in the centre of a terrace, 200 feet square, and 24 high, supported by arches. Four flights of steps lead up to it, and each arch is a niche for a tomb. It is, as usual in this part of the country, made of red stone, inlaid with white marble, and has a fine white marble dome. Humâ-yoon was the father of the

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great Akbar, and met his death by falling over the staircase in the Shir Mandal. Two of his wives, and various other relatives, are buried in this tomb. When Delhi was taken, the old King fled here, accompanied by his Queen and her son, some of the Princes, and several thousand followers. Their whereabouts was betrayed by Meerza Elahee Buksh, father-in-law of the late heir-apparent. Captain Hodson, of Hodson's horse, (raised by himself), went to the General, and asked permission to capture the King. Assent being given, he rode off, with fifty troopers, to the tomb, hid himself and his men in some ruins near, and sent emissaries demanding the King's surrender. The terrified old man consented to give himself up to Captain Hodson, if he would promise with his own lips to spare his life. So Hodson went alone to the gate of the tomb, whence the King, Queen, and her son presently came out in a palanquin, and the King gave up his sword at Hodson's demand. The most extraordinary part of the affair was that, although vast crowds followed the procession, and Hodson had but fifty men with him, no rescue was



attempted. Arrived in Delhi, they marched through the Chandi Chowk, and Hodson handed over his prisoners to a civil officer, and went to report himself to the General. Wilson gave him two swords in recognition of his bravery—one that had belonged to Nadir Shah, the other, to the Emperor Jehanguire.

Not satisfied with this exploit, Hodson asked permission to capture the Princes. This time he took a hundred troopers, and rode off again to the tomb.

The Princes wanted to make the same condition as the King, that their lives should be spared, but Hodson would make no terms—their surrender was to be unconditional. He declared he would take them, dead or alive, and at last they were brought out in bullock carts. Hodson sent them off, surrounded by troopers, but kept a few Sowars with him, and, turning back to the tomb, called on the rest of their followers to surrender. It is said that there were six thousand people in the tomb and its precincts; but, so awed were they by Hodson, and so crushed in spirit,

that they laid down their arms without a word.

Then Hodson galloped after his captives. A crowd was pressing upon them, with a threatening attitude, and he thought a rescue would be attempted. So he made the Princes descend from the cart, strip to their under-clothes, and, taking a carbine from one of his troopers, shot them dead with his own hand.

Hodson has been much abused for this act, but friends with whom I conversed on the spot defended him warmly, and declared that it was necessary, and that at such a time, when men's blood was on fire, life or death seemed a small consideration to them.


Hodson afterwards rode into the city, and had the corpses flung in front of the Kotwale, where they lay for days.

After visiting the tomb, I went on to the Hall of sixty-four pillars. More marble, more carving, till one really becomes worn out with looking at this splendid sameness, and wonder and interest completely die away from satiety. If one could devote a whole afternoon once a week

to one of these triumphs of the workman's skill, it would be deeply interesting, but to have one's brain crowded with all these wonders in the space of three or four days, is almost oppressive.

Then I visited the tomb of Prince Mirza Jehangir, whom our Government banished for attempting, more than once, to murder his elder brother. He died of cherry brandy, to which he was addicted, like a famous Russian Empress. He allowed himself to a glass an hour, but it proved fatal in time. The real cause of his death was concealed from the Emperor, his father, who was told that the Prince died of "sighing;" a statement which the fond parent implicitly believed.

The tomb of Amir Khusrau, a great Persian poet of the fourteenth century, is here, and also that of Jehânârâ Begum, eldest daughter of Shah Jehan, who voluntarily went with her father into confinement, when he was imprisoned by Aurungzebe, his son. She is supposed to have been poisoned by her sister. No slab covers her tomb, but on a head-stone is an inscription, dictated by herself:—



“Let no rich canopy cover my grave; grass is the best covering of the tomb of the lowly in spirit. The humble Jehânârá, disciple of Chishtîs (a sect of Mohammedan dervishes), and daughter of the Emperor, Shah Jehan.”

From here I went to the Kutub Minar, one of the wonders of the world; it is the highest column in existence. Its present height is 240 feet, but it was originally more. There are five stories, divided by balconies, and you ascend by a spiral staircase inside. From the top, the view is marvellous; you overlook ancient and modern Delhi; the Jumna glitters like a band of silver in the sun; the country is verdant with groves; and the gilt domes shine and sparkle. This Minar is nearly 50 feet in diameter, and tapers gradually towards the top. The first three stories are of red sand-stone, the top ones of white marble.


Although 240 feet does not seem to be a very great height, this column gives you the idea of being gigantically tall. Round each story are inscriptions, taken from the Koran.

At the foot of the Kutub Minar is a Dâk

Bungalow where visitors occasionally sleep and stay to take sketches.

Near the Minar, and in the midst of a ruined Mosque, is the Iron Pillar. It only stands 22 feet above the ground, but its depth below the surface is unknown. Some time ago, workmen dug more than 60 feet into the earth without coming to the end, or rather the beginning, of it. The following legend is attached to the pillar :—

One of the Rajahs, having a superstitious dread that his dynasty was coming to an end, went for advice on the subject to the Brahmins. They told him that if he could sink a shaft of iron into the ground, and, with it, pierce the head of the Snake God, who supports the world, his dynasty would last for ever. He literally obeyed his advisers; but some time later, being seized with a fatal curiosity, (which the Brahmins implored him not to gratify), he ordered the pillar to be dug up. Lo and behold! to his anguish and horror, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Brahmins declared that his rule would shortly cease. Hastily the repentant



Rajah ordered the reburial of the column, but in vain ! he was soon afterwards murdered, the kingdom wrested from his family, and no Hindoo king ever reigned again in Delhi.

From here I visited the Well, which is nearly 70 feet from the brink to the bottom, but is only about half full ; it is 40 feet square. A novel spectacle awaited me here, and one which was a little relief from tomb and column gazing. A man came rushing down the curved dome of an adjacent mosque, and jumped feet foremost into the well, coming to the surface a few seconds later, and rushing up to me, rather blown, for back-sheesh. The same startling performance was gone through by three or four more natives. The water in this well, or rather tank, is said to be intensely cold.

Near the well is Metcalfe House, the tomb of Akbar's foster-father. It seems that the conversion of the Metcalfe House from a tomb into a European's dwelling-house gave dreadful offence to the natives. The owner was murdered, and his successor, after being appealed to in vain to restore the tomb to its former state, shared

the same fate. To make room for his dining-tables, he had removed the marble slab that covered the dead, and put it in his garden.

The enemy took possession of this house, which stood in beautiful grounds, and established a battery there to play upon the Ridge. So, one day we sallied forth, drove them out, and appropriated it ourselves. It is now used as a sort of hotel.

I ought to have mentioned that the Kutub Minar and adjacent ruins are charmingly situated amongst trees and beautiful flowers. Dusky infants ran after me with bouquets, and green paroquets flew about in all directions, uttering discordant screeches. They seem to be as common here as sparrows at home. I also saw some hoopoes and many beautiful plumaged birds.

From here I ought to have driven to the ruins of the City of Tughlukabad, about three miles and a-half off, but the roads were impassable for a carriage, and it was too hot to walk. The tomb of Jona Khan, one of the most cruel tyrants on record, is there. He was succeeded

by his cousin, who, however, must have had some affection for him, as he was anxious that Jona should escape the retribution due to him in a future world. He had recourse to the following device. He collected together the relatives of all the people whom the tyrant had put to death; made them presents, and induced them to sign papers before the priests, containing a full pardon to Jona Khan for the wrongs he had inflicted upon them. These papers were put in a box, and placed in the tyrant's tomb, so that he should have them handy to present on the Day of Judgment.

On my way back to Delhi, I went over the ruins of the huge Observatory, built by the same scientific Rajah who erected the one at Benares. Doubtless, it would be very interesting to astronomers, but, as I said before, these matters are beyond me.

I was thankful to get back to Delhi, and to enjoy the excellent dinner of my host, the Commissioner.

There is a fearful amount of illness here. For weeks the natives have been dying at the rate of



a hundred a day. One meets nothing but funeral processions. Four men carry the body, covered with a sheet, on a stretcher; the friends following, chanting a dismal dirge. It is first taken to a well and washed, and then carried outside the town to be burned. The remains are buried or thrown into the Jumna.

*Friday, November 22nd.*—Left Delhi by the one o'clock train for Jeypore; arrived at mid-day on Saturday, five hours late. This is a shocking bad line—as bad as the one between Benares and Lucknow. There is a Dāk Bungalow, but a very poor one, and it is better to go to the hotel. Jeypore is the handsomest city I have yet seen in India; the streets are very broad and clean, and are constantly swept and watered. Gas is laid on in the streets; also filtered water, which is drawn from innumerable pumps and taps. At first, the natives would not use this water, as it flows from the mouths of stone or metal animals, thereby suggesting an unclean idea to them. However, they are now quite reconciled to it. Here the people dress in a most picturesque manner. The native swells

ride about, richly attired, on beautiful Arabs, attended by their running footmen. Elephants and camels are also ridden about the streets. The houses are very bright-looking, many of them being painted red, and on this coloured ground are pictures of men and horses, elephants and tigers, with various other designs. Monkeys may be seen running about on the roofs. Numbers of sacred bulls patrol the streets, according to their own sweet will, and jostle you off the pavement, if they are so minded. They have no occupation but to amuse themselves. The natives hold them in great veneration, and feed them liberally. They are very handsome, small, and have great humps.

Major Jacob, the resident engineer, kindly put me up during my stay. It is to him Jeypore is indebted for most of its improvements. At the waterworks he has a large factory for making ice, an inestimable boon in this hot climate. The public gardens, which are beautifully laid out, are under his superintendence. Utility is considered as well as beauty, for fruit and vegetables are grown here, and sold at a moderate

price. Here, too, are aviaries, containing a fine collection of beautiful tropical birds, and a small menagerie. I saw some magnificent tigers in Jeypore, very large and very savage. One of them, which used to be led about when small by a girl with a string, is now most ferocious, and sprang at the cage with such violence and fury at sight of me that I thought the bars would give way.

The Rajah takes great interest in the city, and, although he has never been to Europe, has very civilized ideas. He is extremely fond of theatricals, and is building a theatre, in which a native company, organised by himself, will act. He has also instituted a school of art for native industries. Here you may buy gold, silver, and brass-work, pottery, &c., at moderate prices. I had been recommended to buy bangles here instead of at Delhi, and, unfortunately, acting on this recommendation, I only got a few at Delhi. When I arrived here, they were out of these ornaments, and I could not wait to have them made.

In the afternoon, I went to the Mint, which is

well worth seeing, though remarkably primitive. The coins are, as nearly as possible, pure gold and silver, and are made by hand but very roughly finished.





## CHAPTER XV.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE—VISIT TO THE PALACE—LIZARD LIQUEUR—  
THE PRIME MINISTER—A NAUTCH—A “LAY OF IND”—PRAC-  
TICAL JOKING—POLITENESS OF THE MINISTER—ALLAHABAD  
—AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION—THE FORT—JEHANGUIRE’S  
REVENGE—PARTING FROM BENARSI—THUGS—BOMBAY.

**S**UNDAY, *November 24th.*—At seven a.m., the Commissioner sent a carriage and a pair of horses for me. I drove through the town to the foot of a hill, six miles distant, where one of the Rajah’s elephants was waiting for me. I got out of the carriage; the mahout made the elephant kneel down, and I climbed up a ladder on to his back. We went about two miles, and arrived at the remains of a wonderful old city. The tops

of the surrounding hills, or rather small mountains, were crowned with forts and castles, connected by massive walls, and in some instances rising sheer out of the rock, and reminding one of the wonderful castles in Gustav Doré's illustrations.

On the left, as you enter the deserted city, is a large sheet of water, in the centre of which is an island, converted into a garden with a pavilion in the centre, and summer-houses, boat, and bathing-houses adjoining. To the left of the lake are the remains of a splendid palace.

After seeing all that was to be seen, I remounted my elephant, and returned to Jeypore in the same manner that I had come, passing on the way another uninhabited palace, situated, as it seemed to me, in the midst of a morass.

After tiffin I went to the Observatory, another edition of those seen at Delhi and Benares, with gigantic instruments. It is now undergoing thorough repair. The inhabitants of India attach immense importance to the study of the

stars, and never go on a journey or commence any serious undertaking without consulting an astrologer.

After this I was taken to the Palace, and introduced to the Prime Minister; the Rajah being unwell and unable to receive me. Great numbers of attendants were hanging about the courts. Before seeing the Minister, I was escorted all round the beautiful gardens, full of tropical trees and flowers, with fountains and gold fish, and afterwards to the Banqueting Hall, where the Rajah gave a dinner to the Prince of Wales on his visit here. This hall overlooks a large tank, in which were numbers of big crocodiles. Some of them were on the top of the water, basking in the sun. An unlucky gardener tumbled in the other day, and was devoured in a moment. The Rajah's band was playing in the gardens, and members of the household were sitting on a balcony of the Palace, smoking and drinking coffee.

On re-entering the Palace, the Prime Minister met me, shook me by the hand, and invited me

up-stairs. He was surrounded by attendants, whose demeanour, to English ideas, was painfully cringing and servile. Whenever he gave an order, they listened with their heads bowed, and hands clasped, as if in prayer, though nothing could have been kinder than his manner to them. Chairs were placed and we entered into conversation through the medium of a friend, who acted as interpreter.

Cigars were brought, and a liqueur which he was particularly desirous I should taste. It was very strong, had a curious bouquet, and a remarkable flavour, which the reader will understand, when I mention that lizards formed one of the ingredients. Seeing that the expression of my countenance did not denote the ecstasy that he desired, the Minister was considerate enough to send for a brandy and soda—a welcome exchange. Sweets were also handed round. When he heard that I was curious to see a nautch, he promised that I should be gratified, and whilst the performers were getting ready, we went over the Palace.

Instead of stairs, you walk up an incline, which



winds round a pillar, and is just like a staircase without the steps. Passages and doors, branching off from this, lead to the various apartments. To my surprise, two dark figures rushed past me, calling out aloud in Hindustani. It was explained to me that they were ordering the women to shut themselves in their rooms, as men were approaching. From the top roof of the Palace we got a magnificent view of the town and adjacent country. Just then, the upper rooms were being redecorated, and beautifully inlaid with mosaics and looking-glass.

By this time the Nautch was ready. We entered a room surrounded by marble pillars, at one end of which was a recess, where there was something that looked like an altar. At the other end were three male musicians, with tom-toms and pipes. These men are the sons of women of bad character, and are the only people, I am told, allowed to play music for nautches.

Great was my disappointment at the performance. The prima donna was a hideous old woman, apparently about sixty years of age,

with a ring in her nose, and her arms and ankles covered with heavy silver bangles. Her ears were studded with ornaments, and looked like lumps of beef-steak.

My feelings were very much akin to those of the Reverend MacPherson in "The Naughty Nautch," one of those capital ballads, "Lays of Ind;" and so perfectly does this describe the performance, that I think it will be much more amusing to the reader if I give an extract from it, than if I narrate the experience in my own words.

The "Lay" commences with this verse:—

"The Reverend McPherson believed that a nautch  
Was a most diabolical sort of debauch;  
He thought that the dance's voluptuous mazes  
Would turn a man's brain and allure him to blazes!  
That almond-eyed girls  
Dressed in bangles and pearls,  
And other scant jims  
Disclosing their limbs,  
With movement suggestive  
And harmony festive.  
With fire in their eyes, and love on their lips,  
And passion in each of their elegant skips,  
As beauteous as angels, as wicked as devils,  
Performed at these highly indelicate revels."

The ballad goes on to tell, how upon one occasion, the Rajah having invited all the cantonment to a nautch, the Rev. McPherson found himself, much to his horror, assisting at it. The excellent man, however, determined not to put himself in the way of temptation, and, seating himself beside his wife, resolved not to look at what was going on.

“The Reverend McPherson, he said to his bride,  
 ‘Come, Ellen, sit down vara close to ma side.  
 This rampin’ and reelin’ is sorrowfu’ wark,  
 And it ill-becomes me the braw witches to mark;  
 But they’re childer’ o’ darkness and kin o’ the de’il.’  
 Said Ellen, ‘Oh, Dooglas, of course it is wrang,  
 But there’s nae ane that’s bonny thae witches amang.  
 You may just tak’ a look, and I think you’ll agree,  
 Sae don’t turn awa’, noo, and open your e’e.’

“The minister did  
 As his douce lassie bid;  
 The minister took  
 A pretty close look,  
 And the minister said,  
 With a shake of his head,  
 ‘If wi’ lassies lik’ thae, dear, Gehenna is graced,  
 I don’t think the de’il has got muckle gude taste!’  
 The Reverend McPherson, relieved in his mind,  
 Examined the dancers before and behind:

He observed that their garb was extremely discreet,  
That they wore ample garments right down to their feet,  
On their heads golden bosses, and plaits to their hair,  
And that scarcely an inch of their bodies was bare :  
That they postured, bobbed, whirligigged, wriggled like eels,  
And all the time shuffled about on their heels,  
Keeping time to the pipers and tom-tommer's strains,  
With the chink of their anklets of resonant chains,  
Advancing, retiring, up-lifting their arms,  
Now mimicking joy, and now feigning alarms,  
Now figuring love, now portraying disdain,  
And doing it over and over again,  
Till, after a good twenty minutes of play,  
He wished the whole boiling would nautch it away.

"But still they kept shuffling and spinning about,  
And one of them, who was remarkably stout,  
More splendaciously dressed,  
Less opaque than the rest,  
Coming more to the front,  
Bearing more of the brunt,  
And forming the centre of every group,  
In fact, the presiding *danseuse* of the troupe,  
Appeared to be acting a tragical drama,  
And worked herself into a state about 'Rama ;'  
She'd cloth of gold on her,  
And jewels of sorts—  
She had been *prima donna*  
At several courts,—  
She wore genuine rubies  
Presented by boobies,

Who thought that her dancing  
 Was something entrancing,  
 Or fancied the charms  
 Of the serpent-like arms,  
 Or were turned outside in  
 By her coppery skin.

And now, as she played *première coryphée*,  
 In our good little Rajah's dark *corps de ballet*,  
 She threw herself into contortionings frightful,  
 The native guests plainly thought highly delightful,  
 And shrieked, 'Rama! Rama!' her eyes all aflame,  
 As if she'd a love who rejoiced in the name,  
 But in spite of her calling him much, never came;  
 Whilst the rest, just as if 'twas a heart-rending shame,  
     Shrieked 'Rama!'  
     Yelled 'Rama!'

Apparently called him a curious person,  
 Till at length, sick of Rama, the Reverend McPherson,  
 In a deep undertone, gave a vent to some hearty  
 Remarks, which would hardly have flattered that party.  
 This Rama, he never once dreamed was a god,  
 If he had he'd have thought it remarkably odd,  
 Would have felt it most certainly more than a joke,  
 That a dancer of nautches a god should invoke.  
 He was blissfully ignorant, quite in the mirk,  
 Upon matters affecting what wasn't his kirk.  
 'Oh, Ellen,' said he, with an audible groan,  
 'A nautch is a vara dool thing a' must own,  
 And the mon whose seen ane and desires to see mair,  
 I gie him my leave, he's fu' welcome to stare.

If the de'il always fished with *thae* baits on his dish,  
I dinna suppose he'd see mony white fish.'"

Nothing could more admirably describe a nautch, and the impression it is calculated to make on the British beholder, than these capital lines. Having seen one, I certainly never experienced the slightest desire to see a repetition of the performance. The natives, however, seemed to appreciate it highly.

I was afterwards told that very often at these nautches, the reason of the delight of the native audience is, that the dancing and singing women are all the time addressing the most *risquées* and amatory remarks to the unconscious European, who sits with stolid countenance, profoundly unconscious of the overtures addressed to him. For aught I know, I may have been the victim of one of these little practical jokes.

On the following day, the Prime Minister was good enough to send me my dinner, (or, rather, lunch, as it came in the middle of the day). It was brought on large trays, and consisted of many dishes, dressed in

Indian style ; meats, curries, vegetables, sweets, &c. Some of them were remarkably good.

I am told there is very fair shooting to be got in the neighbourhood.

*Tuesday, 26th September.*—Left Jeypore at half-past eight p.m., with great regret. It is a most interesting town, and I could have spent several more days in it with pleasure.

Arrived at Agra at half-past eight the following morning. Spent the day with the 60th Rifles, who have charming quarters and a capital mess ; cricket, lawn-tennis-ground, &c. Left again late in the afternoon, and reached Allahabad the next day at half-past six a.m., Thursday, 28th. Went to Lorient's Station Hotel.

Allahabad is situated at the extreme point or promontory of the Doab, formed by the meeting of the rivers Jumna and Ganges, and is considered by the Hindus a most sacred spot. According to their idea, three rivers join here, but the third is solely in their own imagination, and is supposed by them to flow perpendicularly direct from Heaven. According

to the guide-book, "when a pilgrim arrives here, he sits down on the bank of the river, and has his head and body shaved so that each hair may fall into the water; the sacred writings promising him one million years' residence in Heaven for every hair thus deposited. After shaving, he bathes, and the next day performs 'Shradh,' the obsequies of his deceased ancestors. January and February are the great months for pilgrimages."

I hired a carriage and drove to the Fort on the banks of the river, built by Akbar, of the usual red stone. It is a large and imposing building, and is now used as a barrack. Great numbers of guns, shot and shell waggons, &c., are stored here. In the centre is a stone monolith, over two thousand years old. There is a temple under the Fort; the entrance to which reminded me of going into a very damp cellar. Water was trickling about in every direction. As usual, there were a number of worshippers praying to little conical stones dispersed about. The greatest curiosity in the place is a banyan tree, which I was



assured is one thousand five hundred years old. It is worshipped by the natives.

Many Europeans took refuge in the Fort during the mutiny.

I visited the gardens of Sultan Khusru. He was the eldest son of the Emperor Jehanguire, with whom he was on very bad terms. When his father mounted the throne, Khusru, thinking himself in danger, made for the Punjaub, and got together an army. It was, however, defeated by the Emperor's troops, and Jehanguire had seven hundred of the rebel army impaled at once, and forced his wretched son to walk up and down between the lines to behold the horrible spectacle. After this, Khusru was doomed to perpetual confinement.

The gardens are full of fine trees, numbers of very large tamarinds amongst them. The foliage is very dense and of a dark green, and the fruit grows in pods like peas. In the gardens are three large tombs with marble domes. I ascended two of them by flights of steps from the outside, and got a good view of Allahabad, which looks picturesque from this

elevation. The meaning of the word Allahabad is The City of God.

The European station is a considerable distance from the town. The roads are excellent, and the bungalows surrounded by capital gardens.

The native city is large, and densely populated.

Here, greatly to my regret, I parted with my servant Benarsi. Allahabad, being on the direct line to Calcutta, it was not worth while to bring him all the way to Bombay just for a few days. He served me well and faithfully, and I can recommend him most strongly. The leave-taking was rather affecting, as he cried like a child.

Allahabad is eight hundred and forty-five miles from Bombay, and five hundred and sixty-four from Calcutta.

About half-way is the city of Jubbulpore, where I ought to have stopped to see the celebrated Marble Rocks, ten miles from the town. Here the river Nerbudda flows through a channel of marble and basalt rocks for

nearly two miles. On either side, white marble rocks rise to a height of from 50 to 80 ft., and beautiful colours are reflected in them by the shifting lights.

The School of Industry at Jubbulpore is well worth a visit. Very good tents, marquees, carpets and stuffs are made here by the Thugs and their families. Until the Government put them down with a strong hand, these Thugs used to go about murdering and garotting people wholesale. In a book entitled "Confessions of a Thug," one of these ruffians confessed to having disposed of over a hundred victims, and Dr. Russell mentions having conversed with one who rather piqued himself on having murdered sixty-seven with his own hands.

Everything in this school is made by hand, or with only native machinery. No modern appliance, except the sewing-machine, is employed.

I spent the whole of Friday in the train. After Jubbulpore, the character of the country changes considerably. It is undulating, well wooded, and intersected by broad streams.

*Saturday, November 30th.*—Reached Bombay at eleven a.m., and was delayed an hour in getting my luggage, which I had previously sent on from Calcutta. I had been recommended to get out at the Byculla Station, two miles from Bombay. The well-known “Byculla Club” is situated here, in the midst of a nice garden, and near it is a large hotel of the same name, which has a good reputation. As, however, I wanted to be near the post, steamship, and other offices, I went to the Esplanade House, which is excessively dirty though conveniently situated.





## CHAPTER XVI.

MALABAR HILL—CAVES OF ELEPHANTA—DELHI MERCHANTS—  
ADEN—THE TANKS—HOW WE TOOK PERIM—SUZ—DONKEYS  
AND DONKEY-BOYS—OTTO OF ROSES AND TURQUOISES—BACK-  
SHEESH—CAIRO—BAZAARS—MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES  
—AN INCREDIBLE STORY—BOULAK MUSEUM—A DAHABEAH  
—SPORT ON THE NILE.

**S**ATURDAY, November 30th.—Un-  
packed and went over the Penin-  
sular and Oriental boat, *Nizam*, in  
which I have taken my passage  
to Southampton, with the option of breaking  
the journey at Suez, Malta, and Gibraltar.  
The price of the ticket is six hundred and eighty  
rupees.

*Sunday, December 1st.*—The hotel is crowded with the wives and children of officers going home in the troop-ships. I drove round the town and saw the principal buildings, which are very fine. Then I went to the Malabar Hill, which, being on elevated ground, and getting a breeze off the sea, has been selected by the English for their quarters. The houses are large and roomy, and stand in good gardens planted with tropical trees.

Near the Esplanade Hotel is a kind of park, used at present as a camp. On the quay stands an excellent restaurant noted for its oysters; but some friends and I lunched there, and though everything else was very good, the oysters were decidedly poor.

There is a broad Esplanade facing the sea, where, in the afternoon, a good many of the inhabitants drive. I am to leave to-morrow, or should like to see the Caves of Elephanta. Steamboats take visitors there once or twice a week, and notices of the time of their departure are posted up in the hotels. There is a temple there, and opposite the entrance, a gigantic bust

with three heads, supposed to represent the Hindu Trinity.

There are plenty of good shops in Bombay. The ground floor of the Esplanade Hotel is a store for books. It is as well for the homeward-bound traveller to lay in a stock here, as the libraries in the Peninsular and Oriental boats are very meagre. On the first floor balcony of the hotel, (which is a broad one,) merchants from Delhi display their wares, and do a large business in bangles, Cashmeres, silk, brass, carving, and other manufactures and *spécialités* of India. Their charges, however, are considerably higher than those of the merchants in Delhi.

Before leaving Bombay, I changed all my rupees into English money.

*Monday, December 2nd.*—Went on board the tug, which took me to the *Nizam*. There are very few passengers. We steamed out of the harbour at seven p.m. After a smooth passage with fair weather, we reached Aden, (sixteen hundred and sixty-four miles from Bombay), at half-past three p.m. On Sunday the 8th, I

went ashore, hired a carriage, and drove to the Artillery Mess, where I was glad to read the English newspapers. Then I drove into the town, four miles off. It is a picturesque place, and the natives are curious-looking creatures. The men are tall and muscular, and extremely erect; their hair is like a mass of tangled wool, usually dyed a bright yellow, and is matted together like the hinder part of an unshorn poodle-dog. The principal trade here is in ostrich feathers. The traveller should not be induced to buy these from the boats which crowd round the steamer, as they are very inferior as well as very dear, but should buy them in the town.

The immense tanks cut out of the rock are very old and curious, and should be visited. "When the first system of reservoirs was restored and constructed in 1857, a single fall of rain, we are told, gave a larger store of water than all the wells would have yielded in a year."\*

The fortifications are also interesting, the

\* Dr. Russell.



approach to them being hewn out of the solid rock.

Aden itself is a dry and arid place, offering no inducement to any one to remain for pleasure. I was a good deal surprised to see so many hotels there. Returned to the steamer, and left at half-past seven p.m.

The following day we passed the Island of Perim, which we made ours by a little stratagem that was amusingly related to me. It seems that the French bethought themselves one day that they would take possession of this barren island at the mouth of the Red Sea, but they wished their intention kept a secret until they should have hoisted the French standard upon it. The English Governor at Aden, however, conceived some suspicion of the designs of the French frigate, and invited the Captain to dinner. During the meal, the Governor was still more strongly convinced that his surmise was correct, and whispering a few words to his aide-de-camp, that young gentleman presently went out with an innocent air, hied him down to the shore, where he got on board a fast gun-boat and

made with all speed for Perim. Next morning, at day-break, the French frigate was on her way to the same spot. What was the disgust, rage and horror of the Captain, as he neared the island, to find the Union Jack floating boldly in the breeze from the highest point of the island.

The acquisition may have been a desirable one, but I was told by a friend, once Governor there, that a more wretched, desolate place to be cast adrift on, could not be conceived by the mind of man.

*Saturday, December 14th.*—Arrived off Suez at four a.m., thirteen hundred and eight miles from Aden. Here I left the *Nizam*, as the captain would not undertake to land me at Ismalia. It would have been a great convenience to me could he have done so, (as it would to all Peninsular and Oriental passengers wishing to stay at Cairo), as, by that means, one avoids stopping the night in Suez, and having a disagreeable and dusty journey of fifty miles to Ismalia. The latter place is half way between Suez and Port Said, and if you were landed there, you

could take the train to Cairo. At the landing-place at Suez, a train was waiting to take passengers from the boat to the town. All those bound for Cairo and Brindisi came ashore here. There is a custom-house, but they gave us no trouble; did not even ask to look at anything.

It was a very repulsive sight on landing to see the Arab beggars, suffering horribly from ophthalmia; some were blind, others partially so, and the most disgusting part of it was that their eyes were covered with flies, which seem still to be one of the plagues of Egypt. Many Jewish-looking men crowded round us, offering photographs of the Pyramids, &c. All the time until the train started, they pestered us to buy, whilst the beggars thrust in their horrible countenances and clamoured with extended hands for "back-sheesh."

On arriving at the Suez Station, we were beset by touts from the hotels and more beggars. I gave over my luggage to the porter of the "Suez Hotel," and proceeded to walk thither, as it is close to the station. I was immediately surrounded by donkey-boys, determined to make a

prey of me, and vociferously insisting that I should ride the Claimant, Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Langtry, and other eminent personages, after whom their donkeys were named. What a thing is fame!

Having succeeded in making them understand that I positively declined to ride, I got through them, and reached the hotel.

The mails and passengers for Brindisi left the same night at half-past eight to go on to Alexandria, but I remained, and found the hotel very bad and dear.

Mounting one of the donkeys, I rode through the streets to look at the bazaars. A friend who was with me, and had an eye to business, purchased a large quantity of otto of roses, which was, comparatively, very cheap here. He also bought a good many turquoises, and, if I had known anything about precious stones, which I do not, I would also have made an investment. We saw a good deal of Egyptian pottery, amber, bright-coloured stuffs, and such wares as one sees in the Oriental shops in Regent Street and at Brighton.

The glory of Suez has departed. Formerly, there were *cafés chantants* and other places of amusement; now there is nothing of the sort. On passing a guard-room, my companion asked the sentry the way to some particular bazaar, and, having given the information, the man immediately held out his hand for "backsheesh." Dined at the *table d'hôte*; it was an extremely indifferent one.

The climate is splendid, and the sunsets and sunrises beautiful beyond all description.

*Sunday, December 15th.*—Rose early, and, with great difficulty, got some breakfast and my bill. I very nearly lost my train by the dilatoriness of the hotel people. Everyone seems to be equally slow, and to act upon the principle that "Time is made for slaves." I had an immense deal of trouble to get my luggage weighed and procure my ticket. English money is the current coin here.

I would recommend the traveller who wishes to visit Egypt and see the Pyramids to take his ticket from Bombay to Suez only. He can then go to Malta by any steamer he likes, whereas I

had to pay twice over between Suez and Malta, as it suited my convenience better to go from Alexandria to Malta direct instead of going by Port Said, which entails making a great *détour* by sea.

The train left at half-past eight a.m. It was very slow, and the carriages fearfully dusty from the sand of the desert through which we passed. Alongside the line, for a great part of the way, there runs a fresh water canal, and near this vegetation is abundant, but beyond, everything is dry and arid. I only passed through Ismalia in the train, so saw nothing of it. At the station I bought the most delicious oranges I ever tasted. Changed carriages at Zagazig, where half-an-hour was allowed for lunch. We were eight hours traversing the hundred and fifty miles from Suez to Cairo, and reached the latter place at half-past four in the afternoon.

On my way to Shepherd's Hotel, I passed many smart carriages containing veiled ladies, whose eyes alone were visible. On the box-seat sat bloated-looking eunuchs.

I was glad to find several friends and acquaint-

ances at the hotel. The climate here at this time of year is simply perfect, and people sit about in front of the hotel all day long. *But*, as there is always a drawback to everything, the mosquitoes are intolerable.

*Monday, 16th.*—Rode about all the morning on a donkey, a capital one. Every one rides donkeys here. The name of my donkey-boy was Joseph, and he is to be recommended. If you have an intelligent donkey-boy who speaks English well, there is no need to hire a dragoon. Numbers of these men hang about the hotel, and pester one to engage them, which is a great nuisance.

I went first to the Turkish Bazaar, and saw the gold and silver-work and jewellery there; then to a carpet bazaar and a shoe bazaar, where gaily-coloured and embroidered slippers are exposed for sale. Then I went to the different markets, where fish, meat, vegetables, and flowers are sold. The streets present a most animated appearance from the gay dresses of the people. Everyone jostles his neighbour; the donkeys amble through the streets, followed by

their screaming drivers; carriages drive full tilt through the throng, preceded by running footmen, crying to the pedestrians to get out of the way.

The City of Cairo presents a very heterogeneous appearance: half of it looks like an unfinished piece of Paris, whilst the other half is quaint and old. The old houses are very curious, and, for windows, have a sort of stone or wooden lattice work, in order that the women may look out without being observed in return.

I visited the mosque of Mahomed Ali, built in 1819. This is much admired on account of its interior, lined with alabaster; but, after all the wonders of India, it seemed a poor thing to me.

In the afternoon, I drove to the Citadel, the fortifications of which were, it is said, commenced by Saladin in the time of the Crusades. It is built on a hill commanding the city, and from it there is a lovely view—Cairo, with its picturesque domes, lies at your feet, the Nile flowing beside it, and, in the distance, the Pyramids stand out from the great Libyan desert.



Here I saw the place where the Mamelukes were slaughtered in 1811, and the spot on the battlements from which, they tell you, Emir Bey jumped his horse, and thereby saved his life. Looking at the tremendous height, it seems utterly incredible that he should have come to the ground alive. His horse was crushed to death.

The massacre of the Mamelukes was one of the foulest acts of treachery ever conceived. Mahomed Ali invited the Mameluke Beys to a feast, and they came, splendidly mounted, and wearing their grand uniforms. He expressed a wish to see them parade in the court-yard; the portcullis was closed behind them; and, in a moment, they knew that they were snared like rats in a trap. No valour could save them: volley after volley was fired upon them from the windows and ramparts until everyone, save Emir Bey, who took that tremendous leap, was slain, to the number of four hundred and fifty. For my own part, I cannot believe the story of his escape.

I afterwards visited their tombs, about a mile or more from Cairo.

After dining at the *table-d'hôte*, I made enquiries about a place of amusement in which to spend the evening, but, to my surprise and disgust, was told there was neither opera nor theatre—nothing but a *café chantant*, where a band of female musicians performed. People sat round and drank coffee at little tables, but there was no singing, and it was not very lively. Above the *café* is a gambling saloon; I did not go there.

Cairo used to be very gay a few years ago, but since the financial difficulties of the country, we keep rather a tight hand over the Khedive, and don't allow him to spend money. Not long ago, he was reduced to such straits that he had to part with some of the ladies of his harem, whom he kindly gave in marriage to his gallant officers, a present somewhat of the nature of a white elephant, as, these ladies having lived in the lap of luxury, were likely to prove very extravagant wives.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—I spent the whole morning at the Museum of Boulak, which is open every day from eight till five, except on Friday, the Ma-

homedan Sabbath. It contains the finest collection of Egyptian remains in the world. One of the most curious objects is No. 492, a wooden figure of a man said to be four thousand years old. There is a great deal of expression in the face; the head is as round as a bullet; in one hand he grasps a long staff; the other arm hangs down with clenched fist; his garment is an apron.

There are two curious figures of a king and queen in stone, supposed to be of even greater antiquity; they are in excellent preservation. Horus, standing on the heads of crocodiles, is a figure worthy of observation; but there are too many to chronicle, and, when the traveller visits the Museum, he will be able to purchase at the door an excellent French catalogue, and also photographs of the principal figures.

There is a fine collection of mummies; also of vases, Egyptian ornaments, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, &c., and a boat of solid gold, with twelve silver rowers.

After seeing the Museum, I crossed the Nile by the iron bridge, and looked over a dahabeah, which a friend had just hired for ninety days.

It seemed very roomy and comfortable, with first-class accommodation. There was a large saloon, four sleeping cabins, and beyond these a smoking-room over the stern, fitted with gun-racks. For travellers to whom neither time nor money is an object, this is the way to "do" the Nile; but many people nowadays go up to the first and second cataracts by steamers. These are all in the hands of Mr. Cook, who is a very great man in Egypt. At his office, near Shepherd's Hotel, you can get a great deal of useful information, and his *employés* are most civil and obliging, will cash cheques, recommend you a dragoman; and arrange any tour for you in Egypt and the Holy Land without it being necessary for you to join his party.

The regular journey in a dahabeah up the Nile and back occupies, as I have said, ninety days, and the cost, inclusive of everything, is from £400 to £600. By Cook's steamer, the journey to the First Cataract, five hundred and eighty-three miles from Cairo, is done (going and returning) in twenty days; for a visit to the Second Cataract, two hundred and twenty miles further

and back, an additional twelve days is required, and this of course is done at a very small expense, (compared with that of the trip by dahabeah).

The sportsman should take, besides his usual twelve-bore guns, a double-barrelled eight-bore, as wild-fowl abound. A friend writing to me from his dahabeah, says, "There are great quantities of all sorts of wild-fowl; grey geese in thousands, storks, herons, ten kinds of duck, and teal; spoonbills, pelicans, white herons, (mis-called ibis), flamingoes, cranes, egrets, kites, as common as rooks with us; vultures, hawks, owls, hoopoes, golden oriels, king-fishers, &c., &c. The Delta between Cairo and Alexandria, and the Fyoom, to the north-east of Cairo, are the best places; time, December and January. I hear there are wild-boar and antelope to be got, with an occasional alligator or crocodile."



## CHAPTER XVII.

ON—THE VIRGIN'S TREE—THE SPHINX—THE PYRAMIDS—A  
STIFFISH RUN—EGYPTIAN CAVALRY—DANCING DERVISHES—  
THE FASHIONABLE DRIVE—ALEXANDRIA—MALTA—ITS VA-  
RIOUS POSSESSORS—KNIGHTS OF MALTA—THE "KAISAR-I-  
HIND"—HOME.



WEDNESDAY 18th.—Drove to the remains of Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, called On in the Bible. It is about five miles from Cairo, and the drive to it is charming, through avenues of plane trees and sycamores. Saw numbers of white ibis on the way. My guide-book informs me that four thousand years ago this was the Oxford of Egypt; that here, Joseph married the

fair Asenath, daughter of Poti-pherah; here, Plato and Herodotus pursued philosophy and history, and here, "the darkness which veiled the great sacrifice on Calvary was observed by Dionysius the Areopagite."

Not far from this is the Obelisk, in the middle of a corn-field, with a few trees round it. It is like Cleopatra's needle, only very much bigger (68 feet high), and, to quote my guide-book again, "was old when Abraham came down to Egypt."

It is quite disgusting to see how the base has been knocked about by tourists wishing to carry away fragments, and how Jones, Brown, and Robinson, have sought to immortalise themselves by scribbling their names on its venerable sides. On my way home I walked through the Khedive's gardens. In another garden stands a gigantic sycamore, called "The Virgin's Tree." It is supposed that she rested here with the Infant Saviour and Joseph, on her flight into Egypt.

In the afternoon I went over the Khedive's stables, but was disappointed to find only

French and English carriage-horses, and no Arabs.

*Thursday 19th.*—Went with some friends to the Pyramids. The first half of the distance we drove between avenues of palms and acacia; then we mounted donkeys, as the road which the Khedive had made expressly for the Prince of Wales, was just now washed away in places by the floods from the Nile. For some distance we followed a track through ploughed fields, in Indian file, and then crossed the embankment, and found ourselves on the edge of the desert.

First, we went to look at the Sphinx. It is so gigantic, and strikes one with such wonder, and I may say awe, that words hardly seem adequate to give an idea of this marvel of the world. It is grievous to see how the face has been wantonly mutilated. I am told that the Egyptian troops actually made a target of it to fire at.

The head is hewn out of the solid rock. The face is 30 feet long and 15 feet broad. The throat and neck are rather worn away. The



rock at the back forms its body, and has been patched up here and there with masonry. Its fore legs and paws are hidden by the sand. From time to time this has been cleared away, but always drifts over them again. Near to the Sphinx are underground temples, where the worship of it used to be carried on.

We next rode past the Pyramids, to the house intended, when built, for an hotel, but the Arabs refused to permit it to be used as such. Here, we went into a large room and ate the luncheon we had brought with us. It is a tremendous pull to the top of the Great Pyramid, and you are beset by Arabs, anxious to drag you up. If you consent, one takes you by each arm, and if you are not a light weight, a couple more pull in front and push behind.

As the day was not a clear one, we determined not to ascend, upon which the Arabs obligingly offered to run up to the top and down again for "backsheesh." We let one go to make him happy; the performance, however, was not exciting to witness, though very laborious for the performer. I timed him, and he took just ten

minutes for the journey there and back. The height is 480 feet; that is 60 feet higher than the Cross of St. Paul's, but as each step is about three feet or more high, you may conjecture something of the difficulty of the ascent. Until you get to the foot of the Pyramids, and stand looking up at them, they do not give you the idea of great height, but from the base, they seem to tower into the sky.

I had been told that we were likely to be dreadfully pestered here by the Arabs, and that it was desirable to go accompanied by a thick stick, and to lay it about freely, but having paid the head Sheik a certain sum, he prevented the others from annoying us. They were, however, extremely anxious to sell us spurious curiosities which they swore they had picked up on the spot themselves, but, which we happened to know were all made at a large factory in the country. So perfectly do they imitate the antique coins and figures found in the Boulak Museum, that they defy detection by the inexperienced eye.

A passage down an inclined plane, takes you

to a subterranean chamber below the Pyramid. From there, an upward passage leads to the centre of the Pyramid and the Great Gallery. The latter is 150 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 28 feet in height, and has a smooth polished surface.

The King's Chamber is beyond, and contains the remains of a sarcophagus of red granite. This is supposed to have once contained the body of Cheops. On the drive home, we passed a regiment of Egyptian cavalry—very well mounted. Instead of carrying carbines, they were armed with revolvers, to which was attached a nickel-plated skeleton stock, rendering it a most formidable and useful weapon. These stocks are sold by "Colt's Company" to fit their large sized revolvers.

*Friday, December 20th.*—At two o'clock I went to the Convent to see the Dancing Dervishes. This dance takes place every Friday at the same hour.

The Dervishes wear voluminous skirts, supposed to be white, but of most doubtful cleanliness, or rather, undoubted dirtiness, and the

entertainment consists in seeing them spin round like teetotums, to discordant sounds, (by courtesy, music), until one is quite dizzy with looking at them. To the uninitiated, the connection between this and religion, seems vague.

There is a circular space railed off by a balustrade, in which the performers stand in a ring. Amongst them was an old man, evidently the head-swell, whom each of the others approached, and after making an obeisance to him commenced pirouetting until all were in motion. They continued to spin until they appeared to have worked themselves into a religious ecstasy. Their heads waggled about, and I expected every moment to see them drop. However, when I left, after looking on for some twenty minutes, they were still on their legs, though, for my part, I went out feeling very giddy. We then drove off to the "Howling Dervishes," but fortunately, perhaps, for us, there was no performance that day.

I then proceeded to buy some rhinoceros-hide sticks at a shop near the Hôtel de Nile. This hotel is noted for its *cuisine*, but is,

unfortunately, in a very bad situation. Being Friday, we drove up the Shoobra Road, where all the beauty and fashion resort on this day of the week. You drive up and down a broad road, shaded by sycamore and acacia trees. Here you see numbers of Eastern ladies driving in handsome carriages, and evidently using great ingenuity to conceal as little of their faces as possible. Many of them had magnificent eyes and beautiful teeth, which made one long to see more. Egyptian officers galloped about on high-mettled Arabs, and plenty of Europeans were to be seen.

*Monday, December 23rd.*—Left Cairo by train at six p.m., and reached Alexandria, distant a hundred and thirty miles, at ten p.m. It was raining slightly, the first rain I had seen since landing at Calcutta. Went to the Hotel de l'Europe, now called the Prince of Wales's Hotel.

*Tuesday, 24th.* — Went to see Cleopatra's Needle, which stands close to the sea-shore. The base is covered with rubbish. Afterwards I drove to Pompey's Pillar. It is of red granite, stands on a hillock, and is a 100 ft. high. I

had intended going from this to Port Said, in order to catch the Peninsular and Oriental steamer there, but, hearing that a very fast steamer was starting to-day for Malta, called the *Magdala*, belonging to Messrs. Moss & Co., I determined to go by her, in order to have more time at Malta. I paid £5 for my passage, and went on board in the afternoon. Having given my card to the Custom House official, he at once passed my luggage. The harbour is a very fine one. The Khedive's palace is situated upon it, and seems to rise sheer out of the water. His steam-yacht was lying alongside. There is a long break-water, built of enormous blocks of stone, or, rather, looking as if they had been flung one on the top of the other. There are some twenty thousand of them, each weighing twenty tons. It is blowing a gale, and the pilot says we shall not leave to-night. As I have unpacked my things, it hardly seems worth while to return to the shore.

*Wednesday, December 25th, Christmas Day.—*  
The weather is still very bad, but we steamed

out of the harbour at eight a.m. On the left bank are many large houses, (or small palaces), and the country is dotted by numerous wind-mills. A strong N.W. wind all day. The weather is cold. The day was celebrated with an excellent turkey and plum-pudding.

There was only one passenger besides myself, late of the Artillery.

*Sunday, December 29th.*—Arrived at Malta, eight hundred and sixteen miles from Alexandria, at daybreak. The Island presents a very fine appearance from the sea, and its fortifications are most imposing. Went ashore after breakfast, took a carriage, and drove to the hotel, (Durnsford's). Then I looked up my friends; was made an honorary member of the club and offered a bed-room there, which, however, I did not accept, and then took a turn in the streets. The principal one is called the Strada Reale. Being Sunday, most of the shops were shut. The town of Valetta is very clean and bright-looking, and the climate delightful at this time of year. Valetta is on the east side of the island, and is called after the Grand

Master, John de La Vallette, of the Knights of Malta, who laid the first stone in 1566.

Few places have been occupied by so many races, or have witnessed so much bloodshed, as this island. The Phœnicians are supposed to have been the first settlers, then the Greeks, soon after the siege of Troy. They, in turn, had to make way for the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, who, it is supposed, was buried here. After this, it fell into the hands of the Romans. They built magnificent temples upon it, the remains of which are still to be seen. The turn of the Goths came next, but they only held it for seven-and-thirty years, when Belisarius wrested it from them. The Emperors of Constantinople owned it until the end of the ninth century, when the Arabs conquered it, massacred all the men, and made slaves of the women and children. After the Arabs had possessed Malta for a couple of centuries, it fell into French hands, then German, then French again; then to Charles V. of Germany, who gave it to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

After this the Turks tried very hard to get



it, but were repulsed. Napoleon Bonaparte took it in 1798, and the English, after a long blockade, captured it from the French in 1800.

I visited St. John's Church, where the knights of the Order are buried. The interior is magnificent. A splendid altar, composed of various coloured marbles, stands at one end. Chapels of the different languages of the Order run parallel with the nave. There are some very fine statues of the different Grand Masters. The pavement is very handsome, formed of beautiful mosaics. Beneath this many of the knights are interred. The Chapel of the Virgin is surrounded by a balustrade of solid silver.

*Monday, December 30th.* — Went over the Palace. The principal thing to be seen here is the armoury. This is a hall of great length, with a double row of columns down the centre, at the base of each of which stands a figure in armour. On the walls are trophies of arms, and under glass cases are exhibited weapons and other articles belonging to Grand Masters and Knights of Malta, whose names are historical.

In one room of the palace is some very fine tapestry.

The afternoon I devoted to visiting some of the forts, and afterwards dined at the Artillery mess. Their quarters are in a fine old palace. Afterwards we went to the opera, close by.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Went over the rest of the forts, which interested me immensely, and also visited the Capuchin Convent at Floriance, just outside the town. Beneath the church is the carneria, or charnel-house. In this, the monks of the order who die, are placed in niches in the walls, dressed in their ordinary clothes, their bodies having previously been baked.

*Wednesday, January 1st, 1879.*—Went out with some friends in a steam-launch along the coast. It was a lovely warm day, with a clear sky overhead and blue waters beneath. We made for the rocky little Island of Filfla, which stands sheer out of the sea. Got back about four o'clock, and found that the Peninsular and Oriental boat *Kaisar-i-hind*, which was to take me to England had arrived, a day earlier than she was expected, having made a very quick

passage. I hastily packed up, took leave of my friends, and went on board at half-past eight.

Malta is a charming place at this time of year ; the hotel is a good one, and the charges very moderate.

The *Kaisar-i-hind* is a very fine boat, the newest and largest on the line. The cooking is excellent ; very different from that on the two by which I had previously travelled, and I attribute this entirely to Captain Matthew's supervision. The passengers are few.

*Sunday, January 5th.*—Arrived at Gibraltar at seven a.m., nine hundred and eighty-one miles from Malta. I went ashore, got my letters, and returned to the ship. We were off again at ten o'clock. I hear that the new hotel, The Royal, is a good one, which was more than could be said for the old Club-House Hotel.

*January 9th.*—Anchored in Southampton Water between eight and nine p.m., got into a tug with my baggage, landed at the wharf, and went for the night to Radley's Hotel. Southampton is eleven hundred and fifty-one miles from Gibraltar.

*January 10th.*—I started for London by the quarter past eleven train, and arrived at two p.m., having been absent twenty-five weeks to the day. The cold was intense, and the Thames covered with floating ice.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS—THE TIME TO LEAVE ENGLAND—  
LUGGAGE—CLOTHES—MEDICINE—MONEY—COST OF THE  
JOURNEY.

**I**T occurs to me that a short summary of expenses and a few directions as to luggage and clothing may be useful to the traveller who contemplates making the same tour or part of it. If his time is limited to six months, (as mine was), I should recommend him, if he can so arrange it, to start the middle of August if going by America, or the middle of November if wishing to visit Egypt and India first.

My luggage was as follows :—

A pair of very strong bullock-trunks; a small portmanteau; a black leather bag; a bundle of rugs and coats; a deep, round canvas bag, such as is used by sailors, (only that theirs are of tarpauling), with a strap and padlock, for dirty linen; a small waterproof bag with partitions for odds and ends, to hang up in my cabin; this was very useful on board ship.

I did not take a hat-box, and had no occasion for a tall hat during my journey.

The following articles of dress should be taken from England:—

Besides ordinary clothes, a thin yachting suit and a couple of pairs of brown canvas shoes, one pair with India rubber soles, to wear on board ship; six white linen jackets and six pairs of white trousers; plenty of thin flannel shirts, as well as linen ones; two suits of pyjamas.

There is so much damp and mildew in Japan that it is well to seize every opportunity of putting black clothes and boots in the sun.

Boots: A pair of riding boots and breeches, two pairs of shooting boots, two pairs ordinary walking boots, one pair dress boots.

Etceteras : Six cholera belts ; three white linen umbrella covers, (take care they have been shrunk) ; a pair of field glasses ; a revolver in holster, with belt ; aneroid with thermometer ; a compass, drinking-cup, metal soap-box, small boot-jack, and house-wife.

Medicine : Chlorodyne (in case of cholera or diarrhœa) ; Eno's Fruit Salt ; Cockle's Pills ; Alcock's Porous Plaster (for rheumatism) ; Rigollot's Mustard Leaves, or Sinapine (for sore throat, &c.) ; sticking plaster ; a bottle of carbolic acid (in case of bad smells).

Money : A letter of credit from Messrs. Cox, or Coutts, is the most convenient form of carrying money, and, I think, better than circular notes. As little coin and as few notes as possible should be taken with one. You can get money in all the principal cities on presenting your letter to the chief banker.

If you travel without a servant, (which is a great saving of trouble in the long run, unless he is a born traveller), £100 a month will comfortably cover all expenses of the journey. Mine amounted to rather less than £500, but then I

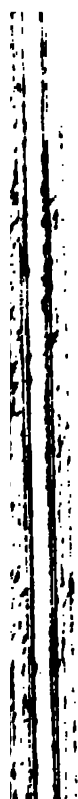
received a good deal of hospitality from friends, including the frequent use of horses and carriages; and, owing to my drinking little but light claret, my expenses at hotels and on board ship were considerably less than those of a man who habitually drinks champagne would be.

It is a good plan to allow a couple of hundred extra, as the traveller is sure to be tempted to make purchases in Japan, China, and India.

I have said nothing on the subject of sport in India, for my time was so limited that it was useless thinking about it for myself, and, as all my friends were at the Seat of War, and engrossed with ideas of a different kind of shooting, I heard very little about tigers or other game.

THE END.





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